

LUSUS JUVENILES:

O R,

Y O U T H's R E C R E A T I O N.

Digested under the following HEADS:

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| <p>I. The Natures, Actions, and Employments of Birds, Animals, &c. humourously displayed and moraliz'd.</p> <p>II. RURAL DIVERSIONS, pleasantly described and improved.</p> <p>III. POEMS on Moral and Divine Subjects.</p> <p>IV. SOLOMONIAN Observations on Human Life.</p> | <p>V. STORIES from the SCRIPTURE, poetically related.</p> <p>VI. MEMOIRS of the Lives, Sufferings and Deaths of the APOSTLES and EVANGELISTS, not recorded in the <i>New Testament</i>, but extracted from Ecclesiastical History.</p> |
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By JOHN MARCHANT, Gent.

Author of P U E R I L I A.



L O N D O N:

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P R E F A C E.

OUTH are naturally full of Spirit and Vivacity, love Diversions and Amusements, and it is a fruitless Labour to preach to them Gravity, Sedateness, the moral Use of Reason, and the Government of their Passions. You may indeed restrain their Liberty, and put a Curb on their Pleasures, and so make Mopes and Dolts of Lads, at a Time, when, by proper Encouragement, and a Freedom of acting agreeable to their own Genius, they would be improving their natural Abilities, and gaining useful Experience. What then is to be done? Must a Lad be humoured in all his Follies and Extravagancies without Restraint or Limitation? By no Means; nor is this my Intention; let Reason be your Guide. Observe the Bias of a Youth's Inclinations; what Objects his Passions are most eagerly set upon; suitable to which, indulge him in such Recreations as you know are innocent, such as will employ the Activity both of his Mind and Body. This Method of treating him you will find attended with much more salutary Effects, than a violent Restraint on his Liberty can be; for whenever he breaks thro' such harsh Restrictions (as he certainly will do the first Opportunity) he will be like a wild Colt broke

loose from Confinement, and set no Bounds to his Licentiousness.

WHEN you have allowed your Pupil all proper and prudent Indulgencies, your next Business will be, to turn his Recreations to his Advantage, by making them serviceable to the Improvement of his Mind. This is a Part of Education which ought never to be neglected, that is, to mix every Part of their Learning with something agreeable to their own Fancies. This will give an Edge to their Diligence, and render their Studies agreeable Amusements. The Antients were of this Opinion; and it was for this Reason, that the Learned in all Ages have studied the best Means of captivating the Minds of Youth to the Love of Learning. It was for this Purpose that they invented Fables, wrote Romances, and entertained them with Novels; which they generally imagined was the most easy and rational Way, both to improve and recreate their Minds at the same Time. But, with great Submission, they did not enough consider the Inconveniencies attending such Kind of Instruction; as I evidently made appear in the Preface to PUERILIA; and shall here again endeavour farther to prove.

FABLE conveys no other Idea to the Mind than that of a mere Fiction, which even the youngest Reader must know to be such when he reads it. What Effect does this produce in the Mind? Why, 'this is a pretty Story if it was but true. What then, are all the Stories in this
Book

P R E F A C E.

' Book downright Lies ?' Thus are they early induced to entertain but slight Notions of Truth itself, and by Degrees are habituated to relish all Manner of idle Tales, and the most palpable Falsities, so they are but larded with Witticisms and pleasant Jokes. To say, that the Moral annexed at the End of every Fable will make a quite different Impression on the Mind, and communicate the Instruction which the Fable was intended to convey, is saying very little to the Purpose ; because few Children, if any, after they have been diverted with the Pleasantry of a Fable, give any Attention to the grave Moral which follows it.

T A L E S, Novels, and Romances produce the same or the like Effect ; and to encourage Youth in the reading such Trash, is to vitiate their Taste, and give them wrong Notions of Life itself ; it is leading them into such Scenes of Action as they are never to see or meet with on the Stage of the World, and, consequently, can afford them no useful Instruction. How many young People by reading Romances, &c. have had their Minds so debauched and perverted, that they could never afterwards have any Relish or Taste for any Thing grave or serious ? How often has the Bible, and religious or moral Treatises, slept on the Shelf for Months, if not Years together, when perhaps half a Score Books of Tales, Novels, or Romances have been so constantly thumb'd, that they are almost worn out ? So that Religion is neglected, Piety discarded, and Libertinism introduced, wherever this Kind of Amusement prevails. And when a

wrong Bias is given to the Judgment at first, how rarely is it rectified by any subsequent Instructions?

*T*O prevent these Inconveniencies, and at the same Time to lead Youth thro' the flow'ry Path of Pleasure in the first Course of their Learning, I have here furnish'd them with a new Method of Instruction, and instead of entertaining them with idle and incredible Fables, have introduced them into the very Scenes of Action in which they themselves are frequently engaged, or may see others employ'd. And I have so interwove the Moral with the Tale, that they must necessarily be read together; and as the one, as it were, flows into the other, it's presumed it will leave the more lasting Impression on the Mind. And that every Recreation I have described, may be rendered still more agreeable to my young Pupils, I have formed them into Songs adapted to common Tunes; and my Endeavour thro' the Whole has been to make their Delight and Improvement go Hand in Hand; which, according to my Apprehension, is the best Method of initiating Youth into the first Rudiments of Learning; and if they can be but once induced to take Delight in it, they will be more eager in the Pursuit of Knowledge, than of their Diversions.

A F T E R I have diverted my young Masters in the most agreeable Manner I could with such Kind of Amusements as they are frequently conversant with, I bring them on gradually to the Consideration of Things of greater Importance, still
strewing

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strewing their Way with the finest Flowers I could cull out of my Poetical Garden.

HAVING thus prepared the Minds of my docile Scholars for the Reception of more serious Subjects, I imagined I could not employ them better than in perusing the Accounts which I have extracted from History, of the Faith, Firmness, and undaunted Behaviour of our Blessed SAVIOUR'S Apostles under the severest Trials, and the most cruel Torments, which they suffered in propagating the Christian Religion. This will insensibly insinuate into them a Reverence for those Doctrines, and for that Religion, in the Maintainance of which, these glorious Martyrs, and primitive Confessors patiently endured all the Evils which it was in the Power of wicked Men to inflict upon them.

WHEN this is done, and they are brought in Love with the Religion into which they were baptized, the Transition is easy to an Acquaintance with the Scriptures, in which the Sum of their Belief, and the Rules of their Practice are contained. Every Chapter of the Bible is useful and worthy to be studied, though the Knowledge of that Part of it which more immediately concerns our Salvation, is revealed in the New Testament, and therefore more peculiarly claims our Study and Attention: Yet in the Old Testament, beginning with the History of the Creation, and proceeding onwards, we read the most surprising Events, and the wonderful Dealings of
' GOD

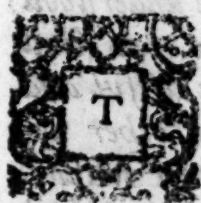
GOD with Mankind. Some of the most remarkable of these Events I have versified, and described in such a Manner as, I hope, will make each Story an agreeable Entertainment to my young Readers.

BUT though I have inculcated the Reading of the Scriptures, and have given Examples of the courageous Behaviour of those truly Christian Heroes the Apostles, yet I would not be understood so, as if I would confine Youth wholly to that Kind of Reading; I only recommend it as a useful and proper Employment in the Interval of other necessary Studies, in order to settle their Minds, and confirm their Faith in the Religion in which they were bred, and in which they can only be saved. What I intend is, to give Youth a Dis-taste to those fashionable but mischievous Amusements of Romances, Novels, &c. and to inform them, that there are other Books, the Perusal of which will yield them much more Satisfaction, and from which they will reap more real Benefit, than from the best written Romance that ever was penned.

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LUSUS JUVENILES:

O R,

YOUTH'S RECREATION.

*The Cat at Play with a Mouse: Or, Justice slow
but sure.*

GRIMALKIN, that terrible Foe
To all the dun Cheese-eating Race,
Sometimes will Indulgence allow,
Yet all's but a feigned Grimace.

When most she seems careless and purs,
She watches the trembling Mouse;
And when for its Freedom it stirs,
Not an Inch can it ever get loose.

Her merciless Talons will seize,
That Moment, the Captive her Prey;
Yet not to destroy, but to tease
The Wretch with her barbarous Play.

A-while thus she makes it her Sport,
Seems mindless to keep or to lose,
As if she design'd it no Hurt,
But only herself to amuse.

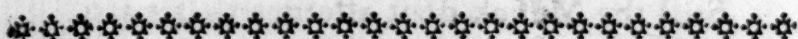
Diverted enough with her Prize,
She stretches her horrible Claws,
And crushes its Bones, in a trice,
Between her voracious Jaws.

So Justice oft seemingly sleeps,
 And Sinners may spare for a Time,
 Yet a watch on their Actions she keeps,
 And registers every Crime.

And when in their jolly Career,
 Her dreadful Tribunal she mounts,
 Compels them that instant t'appear,
 And sternly demands their Accounts.

No Tricks, no Evasions avail,
 And fruitless are Prayers and Tears ;
 The Powers of Rhetorick fail,
 Their Cries are quite lost in her Ears.

No Witness but Conscience she needs,
 Which never was known to deceive ;
 By that she to Judgment proceeds,
 From which there can be no Reprieve.



the Rat caught in a Trap: Or, Delay no Acquittance.

O H O, Sir *Greybeard*, are you caught?
 Is this at last thy fearful Lot?
 Altho' thou hast escaped Puss,
 Yet now I have thee fast and close.

Justice at last has thee o'ertaken
 For all thy Thefts in Cheese and Bacon ;
 No more, vile Caitiff, shalt thou steal,
 As thou hast done, our Corn and Meal.

A sad Example shalt thou be
 To all thy thieving Family ;
 Now I have got thee by the Tail,
 I'll drown thee instant in a Pail.

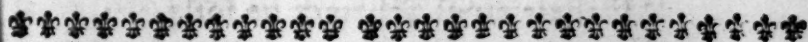
Thus tho' a Thief may triumph long,
 And ev'ry Day be doing wrong ;

Houfes

Houses may break, the Streets infest,
And make the Laws his standing Jest;

Yet let him be of this assur'd,
Tho' long by Heav'n he is endur'd,
His Doom is fix'd, and soon or late,
He'll meet with his deserved Fate.

Justice indeed has Leaden Heels,
And long with him in Mercy deals;
At length her Talons she expands,
And gripes him with her Iron Hands.



A Bird singing in a Cage : Or, True Content.

Sweetly warbling pretty Bird,
How dost thou delight our Ears?
Still thy Musick do'st afford,
Tho' confin'd in wired Bars.

Tho' thy Freedom thou hast lost,
Yet thou canst forget the Wrong,
And oblige thy Foes unjust
With thy solitary Song.

Food and Water if thou hast
Thou'rt contented with thy Lot,
And thy Feeder still repay'it
Thanks with thy melodious Note.

Thus the humble Christian finds
In his Troubles sweet Content;
Neither murmurs nor repines,
Nor will give his Anger Vent.

His malicious Foes may rage,
And with Violence oppress;
And the Fiends of Hell engage
To augment his deep Distress,

Well he knows their Power's curb'd
 By an over-ruling Hand,
 And his Mind is not disturb'd
 By the whole united Band.

Conscience weathers ev'ry Storm;
 Faith's his Comfort under all;
 Hope his Anchor strong and firm;
 Patience will not let him fall.

Thus secur'd on ev'ry Side,
 At their little Malice smiles;
 All their Efforts he derides;
 All their cruel Schemes he foils.

Food and Raiment if he has,
 Thankfully he takes the same;
 Blesses GOD for all his Grace,
 And adores his glorious Name.



A Duck with her Ducklings: Or, The Wisdom of Nature.

JUST broke from their Eggs,
 And scarce on their Legs,
 The Ducklings to Water will speed,
 There dabble and waddle,
 And piddle and paddle,
 And snap at the Flies and the Weed.

Tho' ever so deep,
 The Pond they will keep,
 By Instinct and Nature led;
 Here wholly employ'd,
 The Land they avoid,
 Unless when they're call'd to be fed.

At Night are at Rest,
 With their Dam in their Nest,
 Where she lovingly nurses them up ;
 At Peep of the Day
 She leads them away,
 And marches before the young Troop.
 They waddle apace
 Thro' the Dew and the Grass,
 And pick up the Snail and the Frog ;
 The Sun growing hot,
 Then homeward they trot,
 With Gorges full stuff'd with their Prog.
 From hence we may learn,
 And truly discern,
 The Wisdom that Nature has shewn;
 Each Species that lives
 From her Bounty receives
 A Taste that's peculiar its own.

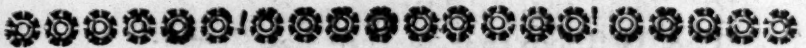
In Man it's the same,
 Who rises to Fame
 By the Genius his Maker instils,
 Which when he mistakes,
 Or wilfully breaks,
 His Error soon sensibly feels.

The Sailor long bred
 To the Sea as his Trade,
 A Vessel unerringly steers ;
 But set him to plough,
 To reap or to sow,
 How awkward in all he appears!

The Landman who long
 Has been us'd to the Prong,
 The Scythe and the Sickle and Flail,
 When under Command
 To reef and to hand,
 Scarce knows the right Side of a Sail.

The Wit turns a Fool,
Quite stupid and dull,
If his Time in a Shop he must pass;
The deep plodding Head,
That's turned for Trade,
Among Wits will be counted an Ass.

Let every Man
His Genius scan,
And give it the Scope it will take;
But if he neglects
What Nature directs,
Sad Work in his Fortune he'll make.



A Hen with her Chickens: Or, the Goodness of Providence.

HOW tender's the Hen of her Brood?
How careful to keep them from Harm?
She scratches about for their Food,
And under her Wings they are warm.
When Clouds in the Element lour,
Full charged with Thunder and Rain,
To 'send from the threat'ning Show'r,
She calls them together amain.
Then hustles them up in her Coop,
And gathers them under her Wings,
Where snug lie the callow young Troop,
While the Storm o'er 'em rattles and rings.
Fair Weather return'd she gets out,
And leads them abroad with her Cluck;
Again they are roaming about,
A picking the Straw and the Muck.

But

But while thus employ'd in her Care,
 A ravenous Kite she espies
 A hov'ring above in the Air,
 Intending some notable Prize.

Affrighted, with Feathers an End,
 She screams out most horribly loud,
 And strives her dear Chicks to defend
 From one that would suck out their Blood.

They eagerly run at her Call,
 She covers them over in Haste,
 And still never ceases to squall,
 'Till the Danger be over and past.

Here, Christian, an Emblem you see
 Of heavenly Love to Mankind;
 His Goodness and Mercy are free,
 His Compassion to us unconfin'd.

Our Father indulgent bestows
 The Comforts we daily possess:
 Our Weakness and Follies he knows,
 Yet still he continues to bless.

When Storms of Affliction arise,
 And Anger divine is gone forth,
 The Righteous are still in his Eyes,
 And nothing shall hurt them on Earth.

If Satan with Fury should rage,
 And spew out a venomous Flood,
 And all his fell Engines engage
 To ruin or frighten the Good,

To the Wings of his Mercy they fly;
 The safest Protection from Harm,
 There rest 'till they see a clear Sky,
 There weather the dreadfullest Storm.

There

There Virtue, long toss'd on the Seas
 Of Malice, Oppression and Wrong,
 Shall find a safe Harbour of Ease,
 And Rest from the viperous Tongue.



The Fox and Goose : Or, the Fate of Villainy.

R*Eynard*, a known and cunning Thief,
 The Pest of ev'ry Farm;
 Of brutal Rogues the very Chief,
 Still meditating Harm.

One Moon-light Night, with Hunger keen,
 (His Fast not broke that Day)
 He quits his horrid stinking Den,
 And prowls abroad for Prey.

When he had roam'd an Hour or two,
 And nothing could be found,
 Quite at a loss which Way to go,
 He squats upon the Ground.

He pricks his Ears, and snuffs the Wind,
 And listens ev'ry Way;
 Beseeches Fortune to be kind,
 And speed him to his Prey.

Quickly he heard the cackling Noise
 Of Geese beside a Pond,
 Which rais'd his Hopes, and flush'd his Joys—
 Of Geese he's very fond.

Away he scours with might and main,
 And runs through Hedge and Ditch;
 Swiftly he brushes o'er the Plain,
 And soon's within their Reach.

No Questions ask'd, he snaps up one,
 And throws her on his Back ;
 Unseen he thinks the Deed is done,
 And off begins to pack.

But as he passes thro' a Gap,
 In Hedge on Purpose made,
 His Legs are caught within a Trap,
 There by the Farmer laid.

In vain he struggles for Relief,
 And strives to get away ;
 Oft he has forfeited his Life,
 And must the Forfeit pay.

Thus he who Crimes enormous acts,
 Yet still himself conceals,
 Justice at length due Vengeance takes,
 And all the Rogue reveals.



The Spider and Broom : Or, Unmercifulness requited.

TH E wily Spider spins her Threads,
 By prudent Nature taught ;
 From Beam to Beam her Work she spreads,
 In which the Fly, who nothing dreads,
 Unwarily is caught.

Her Web she weaves with wond'rous Skill,
 And braids her curious Net,
 That so she may the better kill
 The wand'ring Insects at her Will —
 She likes a hollow Bir.

Long had she raven'd, liv'd at Ease,
 And batten'd in her Cell,
 And num'rous Skins of Carcases,
 Sad Trophies of her Victories,
 Her barb'rous Nature tell.

Mary

Mary her Toils no sooner spies
 Distended cross the Room,
 Bu with fierce Anger in her Eyes,
 Her long and brushing Broom applies,
 And breaks the baneful Loom.

Down comes the Felon, Work and all,
 And at her Mercy lies,
 Yet fain the Wretch away wou'd crawl,
 But *Mary*, glad to see her fall,
 " Die, Villain, *Mary* cries.

" Long has thy Maw been fed with Blood,
 " Much better than thy own,
 " But by just Vengeance now pursu'd,
 " As Mercy thou hast never shew'd,
 " So I will shew thee none."

Thus the Blood-thirsty Man shall feel,
 Whom Justice overtakes,
 That Heaven and Earth are Stone and Steel,
 Nor will one pitying Drop distil,
 Whatever Cries he makes.



The Moth and Candle : Or, a Caution to Youth.

Little, flutt'ring, foolish Thing,
 Why dost hazard thus thy Wing ?
 Why so near the Light approach,
 That will burn thee with a Touch ?
 Will thy Velvet Robing fringe,
 And thy tender Frame unhinge ?

Why wilt trifle with a Life,
 That at most is very brief ?
 Why then round that Candle buz,
 Where thy greatest Danger grows ?

Wilt

Wilt thou not, thus warn'd, be wise?
See'st not Death before thy Eyes?

No! in vain my Breath I spend,
And in vain would be thy Friend;
Caught in Flame, and sunk in Tallow,
There a Moment mayest wallow;
Quickly smother'd, thou wilt have
There a foul and stinking Grave.

Thus with heedless Youth it fares,
Who too often stop their Ears
When admonish'd of their Faults,
Trusting their own wiser Thoughts;
Headstrong, obstinate and wild
With Appearances beguil'd;

'Till by Folly overthrown,
Past Recov'ry they're undone:
Then for Help aloud they cry,
But no helping Hand is nigh;
Then they wish, alas! in vain,
Time that's past they could regain.



*Playing at Duck and Drake: Or, a good Conscience
the best Support.*

TH E S E Shells you see so broad and trim,
Shall us a while divert;
Across the Pond I'll make them skim,
And on the Surface sport.

See how they fly, and jump, and skip,
And bound from Side to Side;
See how they dance, or nimbly trip,
Or smoothly over glide.

Their

Their Flatness, with the Force they go,
Prevents their sinking down;
Their Lightness adds a Swiftneſs too,
Unlike a heavy ſtone.

Such is the Man whoſe Soul is free
From guilty Fear and Shame;
Whoſe Conſcience will a Witneſs be,
That he deſerves no Blame.

When he's immerg'd in Troubles great,
He riſes to the Top;
While Villains ſink beneath their Weight,
His Virtue bears him up.



*Two Dogs fighting for a Bone: Or, the Plague of
Law Suits.*

AS *Towzer*, gnawing of a Bone,
Was buſily intent,
He thought himſelf unſeen, alone,
Nor any Harm he meant;
He gnaw'd and chaw'd the ragged Meat —
So near the Bone, 'twas mighty ſweet.

Fowler, a reſtive ſurly Dog,
The Keeper of a Gate,
By Chance came by, and ey'd the Prog,
And picks a Quarrel ſtrait;
And with a horrid Snarl he ſwears,
He'll have it, or have both his Ears.

Towzer tenacious of his Bone,
Lays on it both his Paws;
Swears he will keep it as his own,
And ſo again he gnaws;
Fowler advances fierce and bold,
Yet *Towzer* will not quit his Hold.

A-while

A-while they growl, at last a Fight,
 With furious Rage begins,
 With Teeth and Jaws they tear and bite,
 And wound each other's Skins;
 So fiercely they the Fight maintain,
 They scarcely feel or Smart, or Pain.

A meagre Grey-hound, lank and lean,
 Stood by with watchful Eyes,
 And, in the Middle of the Scene,
 Snatch'd up the precious Prize;
 Away he scampers glad at Heart,
 And leaves the Fools themselves to part.

Thus, when two Clients go to Law,
 They furiously drive on;
 Term after Term at Dagger's-draw,
 Till all their Money's gone.
 The while the Lawyers fill their Bags,
 And laugh to see their Clies in Rags.



The Squirrel and Bells: Or, the BUSY TRIFLER.

MISS *Betsey* to please,
 The Father agrees
 To buy her a Cage to turn round:
 A-top it will shew
 Small Bells in a Row,
 That tinkle a musical Sound.

A Squirrel is got,
 And presently taught
 To ring her a jingling Peal;
 Tho' still tripping up,
 He's never a-top,
 Yet runs full as fast as the Wheel.

He labours and climbs,
 And tunes the sweet Chimes,
 And when he's been running an Hour,
 He's just in the Place,
 At first where he was,
 Nor got an Inch higher or lower.

So much he's in love
 With the Music above,
 That nothing his Race can retard;
 All Day he'll divert
 Himself with the Sport,
 Tho' Nuts are his only Reward.

The Squirrel presents
 The Man of small Sense,
 Who works in a trifling Hunt;
 How busy he seems
 In ridiculous Schemes,
 That turn to no Kind of Account?

In Trifles and Toys
 His Time he employs,
 And pleases himself with his Knacks;
 To greater Concerns
 His Mind never turns,
 But the Squirrel's Diversion still acts.

Snap-dragon: *Or*, NUPTIAL SQUABBLES.

WHEN the bonny Lads and Lasses
 In a Winter-evening meet,
 Laughing Humours, chearful Faces,
 Speak them in a merry Fit.

Each alert to put the Wag on,
 Shews some Gambol in his Way;
 But a last it is *Snap-dragon*
 That they all agree to play.

First

First they get a Pint of Brandy,
 And a Pound of Raisins new;
 Next a Bason large and handy,
 Both in it together brew.

Then, the fiery Spirits lighting,
 Scramble in the burning Flame;
 Mouths and Fingers one would frighten,
 But is their delightful Game.

But the Cream of all the Jest is,
 When they raise the vap'ry Steam,
 To see each other's frightful Faces
 By the pale reflecting Glean.

Such (let youthful People mind it)
 Often is the Nuptial State;
 Which, for Bliss tho' GOD design'd it,
 Is of Misery the Gate.

Tho' in Love their Hands were joined,
 And their mutual Troth was giv'n;
 Tho' as one they both combined
 In the Sight of Earth and Heav'n;

Yet, when Honey-moon is over,
 Quarrels rise and dreadful Strife;
 He forgets the tender Lover,
 She, the Duties of a Wife.

Each their Love in Passion buries,
 Teazing Squabbles do ensue;
 Both become like frightful Furies,
 In their Looks and Actions too.

Should my Fortune be to marry,
 Grant me, Heaven! such a Wife,
 That I never may miscarry,
 Nor *Snap-dragon* play for Life.



Blindman's-buff: Or, PASSION BLIND.

THE Youth have got a Holiday;
 Abroad it rains a-pace;
 So they contrive an in-door Play,
 The heavy Time to chase.

It's then agreed at *Blindman's-buff*
 They will themselves divert;
 For that will make them Mirth enough,
 Nor do them any Hurt.

A Kercher then is tied fast
 O'er *Whistle's* roguish Eyes,
 Which not one Peep will let him cast,
 To see on whom to seize.

And now he gropes and hunts around,
 To catch whom catch he can;
 For he that's caught, by Law is bound
 To be the blinded Man.

To plague him more, the Chairs and Stools
 A-cross his Way they place;
 He tumbles down, and raves and scolds,
 They laugh to see his Case.

One gives a Thump upon his Back,
 One tweaks him by the Nose;
 And thus themselves they merry make,
 And on the Wretch impose.

As round and round he throws his Hands,
 By Chance he catches one;
 The Body with his Fingers scans,
 If so it can be known.

For if the Person wrong he name,
 His Captive is resign'd;
 Such is the Law that rules the Game,
 And he must still be blind.

Such is the Man to Reason blind,
 Whose Passion is his Guide;
 Is still bewilder'd in his Mind,
 And from his Purpose wide.

His real Advantage he mistakes,
 So darken'd is his Sight;
 And his own Ruin often makes,
 And 'tis by Chance he's right.

Thro' Thick and Thin he blunders on,
 And travels Smooth and Rough;
 Much Ill, some Good he lights upon,
 But all is *Blindman's-buff*.



Decoy-ducks: *Or, the Pleasures of a BROTHEL.*

HOME-BRED Ducks are gentle, tame,
 Some are kept for a Decoy;
 To entice the silly Game,
 Such their Owners do employ.

When the Lakes are frozen up,
 Springs are running fine and clear;
 Round the Wild-ducks in a Troop,
 Hover in the ambient Air.

When the 'Coy-ducks there they see,
 Flocking down in Doves they come;
 Friends for certain they must be,
 And to mix with them presume.

Glad they've found some Water out,
 ('Tis their native Element)
 Here they sport and play about,
 On their dabbling Fisk intent.

In a Moment over-head,
When no Danger near they thought,
A pernicious Net is spread,
And themselves therein are caught.

Thus a *Brothel* Youth will find
With *Decoy-ducks* furnished;
Gentle, fair, and coming-kind;
Nothing seemingly to dread.

Snug and safe from Friendly Pry,
There they do in Pleasures swim;
Think not their Destruction's nigh,
Nor that all's an idle Dream.

Soon they'll find it to their Cost,
And repent, alas! too late,
That their Health and Money's lost,
Then will curse their wretched Fate.



Throwing at Cocks on a Shrove-tuesday, a
BRUTISH REVENGE.

BRITONS, by *Danish* Lords oppress'd,
Harass'd and robb'd, and sore distress'd;
Insulted, trodden down, abus'd,
And most tyrannically us'd;

Patient a-while their Suff'rings bore,
Till Patience could sustain no more;
Oppression, when continu'd long,
Will make a Coward right his Wrong.

Some dauntless Spirits in a Town,
Curb'd by a *Danish* Garrison,
Their Vassalage no longer brook,
Resolve at once to break their Yoke.

In Secret they contrive a Plot,
To change, if possible, their Lot;

Determin'd to their Freedom gain,
Or bravely perish ev'ry Man.

Twelve dauntless Youths, well arm'd for Fight,
Should seize the Fortress in the Night;
And ev'ry *Dane* whom there they found,
Breathless to leave upon the Ground.

Those that were lodg'd within the Town,
They'd murder ev'ry Mother's Son;
Not one their Fury should escape,
Or save his Life in any Shape.

But Providence, all wise and good,
And never pleas'd with shedding Blood,
Will not assist or favour them,
Nor shall succeed their cruel Scheme.

For when their Men, undaunted, bold,
Arm'd and resolv'd, approach'd the Hold,
The Cocks in ev'ry Quarter crow'd,
So shrill, so violent and loud,

As if they'd been on purpose hir'd,
Or were by Heaven itself inspir'd;
For by the horrid Din they make,
The drowsy Centinels awake.

Just in that Instant, near they see
The *Britons* armed cap-a-pee,
Fiercely with glitt'ring Swords advance,
And threat'ning Death to all the *Danes*.

Surpris'd, they give a loud Alarm,
To bid their Fellow-soldiers arm,
Who, roused from their Night's Repose,
Are soon equipp'd to meet their Foes.

The *Britons*, of their Purpose baulk'd,
Back to their Homes indignant walk'd;
But curse the Cocks, and Vengeance vow,
For making this untimely Crow.

Shrove-tuesday was the Time agreed
To execute this bloody Deed,
When Death and Havock, Murder fell,
Should leave no *Dane* his Tale to tell.

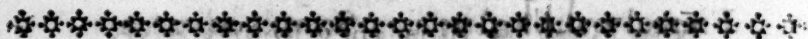
But since the Cocks did interpose,
And baulk'd their Vengeance on their Foes,
No Mercy to them they will shew,
But ev'ry Cock shall be a Foe.

E'er since that sad unlucky Time,
The Race have ru'd their Fathers Crime;
Still as returns that fatal Day,
Their Lives are made a Sport and Play.

That Day are Thousands of them seen,
Batter'd and bruise'd by Boys and Men;
Ty'd to a Stake, must stand the Stroke,
And feel their Limbs in Pieces broke.

But surely 'tis a cruel Sport,
And can no sober Mind divert;
To give a helpless Creature Pain,
Is what an *Heathen* would disdain.

It shews a Temper too inclin'd
To Cruelty of ev'ry Kind;
A Custom barb'rous and absurd,
And should by *Christians* be abhorr'd.



Cock-fighting: Or, AMBITION pictur'd.

WITH what a Spirit is endu'd
The noble Cock of Game?
A fiery Courage heats his Blood,
Which only Death can tame.

So fierce an Animosity
He bears to all his Race,
At his own Shadow he will fly;
And strike at in a Glass.

The

The rural 'Squire; unpolished,
Whom rougher Sports delight,
Has Walks wherein his Cocks are fed,
And nursed up to fight.

A neighb'ring Knight, as keen as he,
Says that his Breed's the best;
For he can trace their Pedigree
Through ten Descents at least.

Beth piqu'd in Honour to maintain
The Courage of their Game,
Agree to match them Main for Main,
And fight for glorious Fame.

Five Guineas on each Battle's laid,
And Fifty on the Odd;
No Fowl were ever better made,
Or on a Cock-pit trod.

Each trims his Cock with nicest Art,
And gaffles him with Steel;
No Odds appear on either Part,
Alike prepar'd to kill.

Now they are handed to the Pit,
And must their Courage try;
They with a dreadful Fury meet,
To conquer or to die.

Now Blow for Blow they stoutly give,
And Kick for Kick return;
And both with all their Ardour strive,
And both with Vengeance burn.

At length, by some unlucky Stroke,
The Gaffe hits the Neck,
Which by the Violence is broke,
And Death ensues as quick.

Another

Another Pair supply the Place,
 And vig'rously set to,
 And many a Wound between them pass,
 And many a sturdy Blow.

They peck and spur with mortal Spite,
 Till one has lost an Eye,
 Who then betakes himself to Flight,
 Tho' not afraid to die.

For when the Smart's a little o'er,
 He bravely turns again;
 His Rage is kindled but the more,
 Redoubled by the Pain.

Deadly Revenge inspires his Heart,
 And drives his Gaffles through,
 Till Blood and Wounds in ev'ry Part
 He sees, and dead his Foe.

And when he finds him sprawling lie,
 He crows and claps his Wings;
 Proud of his bloody Victory,
 An *Io Pean* sings.

Ambition here herself may view,
 The Picture is her own;
 The Features most exactly shew
 The Man of great Renown.

Such were the Heroes fam'd of old,
 All *Cocks* upon the Pit;
 Such were their Enterprises bold,
 And such their Deeds in Fight.

For Victory they only fought;
 A prostrate Foe their Pride;
 No single human Good they sought,
 No Benefit beside.

Tho' their own Limbs in Pieces hew'd

They saw, and scarce alive;

Yet could exult (all over Blood)

They did their Foe survive.

The foughten Field a Cock-pit is,

Where Death and Havock rage,

Where Conquest is the only Prize

The Heroes to engage.



A Horse-Race: Or, the TRUE PATRIOT.

NOW *Dragon* and *Whynot* are ready,

And *Skewball* puts in for the Plate,

And *Sloven*, and *Slyboots*, and *Lady*,

For Goodness all known of first Rate.

The Riders by Scales are made even,

Their Saddles, their Whips, and their Spurs;

And Inches for Weight must be given,

And ballanced every Horse.

All mounted, in Order are posted,

Expecting the Signal to run;

Their Prancing and Snorting denoteth

How eager they are to be gone.

They trot all together a little,

But quickly are put on their Speed;

And soon we discover their Mettle,

And admire the generous Steed.

Now nimbly their Legs they are plying,

And every Muscle they strain;

The Swallow out-strip in her flying,

As she skims along over the Plain.

But

But *Dragon* is restive and stubborn,
 Altho' for two Miles he has led;
 Nor can the strong Bridle him govern,
 Or manage his obstinate Head.

The Rider, thrown out by this Hobble,
 He runs the wrong Side of the Post;
 Which gives him Abundance of Trouble,
 To fetch up the Ground he has lost.

And while he strives hard to restore him,
 And bring him again to his Course,
 The rest are a long Way before him,
 And *Dragon* is now the last Horse.

Now *Skewball*, by spurring and whipping,
 His Rivals behind can behold;
 But *Slyboots* bears up to out-strip him,
 And so wou'd the rest if they could.

How eager each stretches his Sinews,
 And smoaks as he drives o'er the Heath,
 And stoutly his Vigour continues,
 While his Lungs can but give him a Breath.

And now with hard driving and pushing,
 They're got within Ken of the Prize;
 Each labours the foremost to rush in,
 The glorious Trophy to seize.

But *Skewball*, with vigorous Stretches,
 Has all his Comperitors brav'd;
 And *Slyboots* almost at his Breech is,
 And *Dragon* his Distance has sav'd.

But *Lady*, and *Whynot*, and *Sloven*,
 Come short of the distancing Post;
 Their Lungs and their Swiftneſs not proving
 So good as their Masters would boast.

The Victors all foaming and sweating,
 By Grooms are well rubbed and dry'd ;
 Thus gradually cool'd of their Heating,
 Are ready again to be try'd.

Again they are brought to their Bearing,
 The Riders and Horses alert ;
 All vig'rous and sprightly appearing,
 All ready again for the Sport.

And now we may see them a speeding
 Along the laborious Course ;
 By Turns each the other is leading,
 And seems the victorious Horse.

But *Dragon* out-strips his two Fellows,
 And first at the Post he arrives ;
 The others come puffing their Bellows,
 And each of them furiously drives.

The Contest not yet is decided ;
 Once more all their Nerves they must strain ;
 'Tis done, and brave *Dragon* is guided
 The Glory and Prize to obtain.

When Patriots for Honour are striving,
 Ambitious who most shall excel,
 What Man among Men is their living,
 But loudly their Praises will tell ?

But he that's unwearied in doing
 All the Good his Abilities can,
 The primest of Honours allow him,
 And crown with Rewards the brave Man.

True Glory is hardly acquired,
 And few its vast Height can obtain ;
 Though many with it may be fired,
 Scarce one in a Million can gain.

Hunting the Hare: Or, VIRTUE persecuted.

THE Sun's newly risen, and bright is the Morn,
The Fields and the Downs are now clear'd of
their Corn,

The Huntsman is jollily toning his Horn,
And calling his Dogs to the Chace;
While yet the Hare's Foot may be trail'd by the
Scent,

And yet in the Dew is remaining the Print,
The Beagles, to follow it eagerly bent,
Will hunt her through ev'ry Maze.

Hey! *Ringwood*, and *Lightfoot*, and *Fowler*, and
Spring,

And *Damsel*, and *Piper*, and *Mopsey*, and *King*,
And *Gipsy*, and *Tinker*, all join in the Ring,
And make the Woods eccho your Voice;

Hey! *Drummer*, and *Jolly*, come set up your
Throats,

And *Lovely*, and *Lively*, will chorus your Notes,
And *Beauty*, so prettily chequer'd with Spots,
Will join the harmonious Noise.

Yokes! Yokes! my brave Beagles, come trip it
away;

Now, now is the Season to hunt for your Prey,
E're *Phæbus* can bring on the Heat of the Day,
Or mount his Meridian Carr;

The Dew, that so glistens, your Dewlaps will wet,
Regale you in running, and moisten your Feet,
That nothing your Humour may anger or fret,
In swiftly pursuing the Hare.

Hark! hark! merry *Fowler* is full on the Cry;
The Scent he has nosed — he never will lie;
His Mouth he'll not open till he tells you for why —
No Beagle was ever so true;

And

And now in full Chorus is joined the Pack ;
 How charming the Musick their Voices do make !
 How merry they follow their Leader in Track !
 How eager the Game they pursue !

Poor Puss was then sitting at Ease in her Form,
 Not thinking or meaning one Soul any Harm,
 But suddenly hearing the dreadful Alarm,
 She pricks up her Ears at the Noise ;
 Too well their voracious Intention she knows,
 The nearer the Cry, the more fearful she grows,
 However will 'scape if she can from her Foes,
 And give them the Bag for their Prize.

A Coppice was near her, with Bushes o'er-run,
 To her all the Passages through it were known,
 For often when coursed through them she had gone,
 And saved her Life by the Means ;
 Again she will make it her dernier Resort,
 And here be conceal'd from their barbarous Sport,
 Protected and shelter'd from Danger or Hurt,
 And elude their tyrannical Ends.

The Pack soon arrive at the Place of her Start,
 And beat up her Quarters in every Part,
 She hears 'em and trembles and quakes at the Heart,
 And courses the Wood up and down ;
 They enter and rummage along as they go,
 The Briars and Bushes they penetrate through,
 And still as they scent her, more eager they grow,
 And bellow their Joys as they run.

Puss, finding the Place was too hot for her Stay,
 Thro' Hedge and o'er Ditch makes the best of her
 Way,
 Resolv'd if they'll have her to give 'em some Play,
 And lead them a tiresome Dance ;

And now her long Ears she lays close to her Back,
And pushes away, for her Life is at Stake,
And springs o'er the Fields to a neighb'ring Brake,
And one of her usual Haunts.

Unseen, as she thought, by the terrible Hound,
She crosses, and doubles, and puzzles the Ground,
In Hopes her Pursuers she so may confound,

And gain her more Time to escape:
But faithful old *Fowler* unravels her Toils,
He knows all her Tricks, and her intricate Wiles,
No Fetch, nor no Stratagem *Fowler* beguiles,
He pursues her through every Shape.

Now driven from every Refuge she flies,
Her Fetches and Doubles no longer she tries,
But over the Lawns with Velocity hies,

And trusts to her Swiftneſs alone:
The Beagles with toiling have got her in View,
Redouble their Vigour and hotly pursue,
The Huntsman comes up with a cheerful Halloo,
And Puss is snapt up as their own.

Thus Virtue, though guiltless, is often pursu'd
By Men most malicious, atrocious and lewd,
Who furiously persecute all that is Good,

Not even her Likeness is spar'd;
In vain she endeavours to hide from their Rage,
In vain in her Cause would she Heaven engage,
No Comforts her Sorrows are here to assuage,
But Hopes of a future Reward.

Bull-baiting: Or, PRIDE taught HUMILITY.

THE Bull is stout, surly and strong,
His Visage is fearfully grim;
Is Monarch the Cow-herd among,
Which pay their Allegiance to him.

He

He keeps a Seraglio of Cows,
Which no other Bull dare invade;
What Goring and Fury ensues,
If such an Attempt should be made?

But though unto none he will yield,
Tho' him there's no Beast that can move;
Tho' he reigns uncontroul'd in the Field,
And no Rival will bear in his Love;
Yet Nature, as if in her Scorn,
A diminutive Foe has produc'd,
That fears not his Strength nor his Horn,
And never to fight him refus'd.

The Bull-dog, though small in his Size,
An Animal harmless and tame,
On a Bull let him set but his Eyes,
He furiously runs at the Game.
Though often he's toss'd in the Air,
And breaks all his Ribs by the Fall,
Yet will his huge Enemy dare,
Though scarcely he's able to crawl.

At length, by a Snap at his Nose,
He luckily fixes his Teeth,
And nothing his Hold can unlose,
And hardly is parted by Death.
He pins the Bull down to the Ground,
Who bellows and roars at the Pain,
And tosses and flings him around,
But struggles and rages in vain.

The Dog, his Advantage so won,
His Jaws will not open or wag;
His Master releases alone
The Bull from his terrible Plague.
Thus baited, the Bull they unlose,
And bring to the slaughtering Knife;
His Flesh, that before was too gross,
Made tender and good by the Strife.

Thus

Thus *Pride*, with her haughty high Look,
 And swell'd to prodigious Size,
 That will no Competitor brook,
 And sees with contemptuous Eyes;
 How often is lower'd her Crest,
 By Means most unlikely, unthought?
 By Things the most trivial and least,
 Self-knowledge and Lowliness taught?

Thus *Herod*, that Tyrant of old,
 Who Homage receiv'd as a God;
 When shining in Jewels and Gold,
 And fancied the World at his Nod;
 The * Worms were commission'd to seize
 His Body advanc'd on a Throne;
 And soon they possess the rich Prize,
 And pay no Regard to his Crown.

* *Acts* xii. 23.



Fowling: *Or, the CURSE of TYRANNY.*

HOW cold the Weather! smart the Frost!
 The Ground is harder than a Crust;
 The Ponds and Lakes are frozen o'er,
 Easy we pass from Shore to Shore;
 The Earth is cover'd with a snowy Sheet,
 And ev'ry Object comfortless we meet.

All Nature's Treasure's under Lock;
 The Birds in Doves together flock,
 Wander about through Field and Wood,
 Famish'd for Want of Drink and Food;
 No longer chaunt their Tunes, their Pipes are mute,
 For Mirth and Hunger ill together suit.

To every Ill expos'd they lie,
 And by the Gun or Famine die ;
 Both Men and Elements conspire
 To kill and spoil the feather'd Choir :
 The Woods afford no Shelter for their Lives,
 Nor Air, nor Earth a friendly Refuge gives.

The Fowler, arm'd with Shot and Gun,
 Death and Destruction bent upon,
 Marches as if against a Foe,
 Resolv'd he will no Mercy show :
 But at the best he still directs his Aim,
 Those he can eat, he makes his choicest Game.

The pretty Larks, that in the Spring,
 Mounted on high, their Carols sing ;
 Pour forth their Notes profusely sweet,
 And ev'ry Ear delighted greet ;
 Now pin'd and hunger-bit, together swarm,
 And die by Hundreds, when they mean no Harm.

Wild-ducks, that breed and live in Fens,
 Drove by Necessity from thence,
 In search of Springs will wander round,
 And settle where they can be found ;
 Their Flights prodigious darken all the Sky,
 Yet Half their Numbers in their Roaming die.

Pheasants and Woodcocks, Plover too,
 Must the cold frosty Season rue,
 And Snipes and Feldfares share their Fate,
 And ev'ry Fowl that's fit to eat :
 Harmless they are, and innocent allow'd,
 Yet they must die to make us Sport and Food.

Thus when a Tyrant rules the Land,
 The Good and Virtuous feel his Hand ;
 Merit in vain Exemption pleads,
 Or the bright Fame of worthy Deeds ;
 Vain is the Argument of Truth and Right ;
 The Tyrant's Law is his superior Might.

Duck-



Duck-hunting : *Or, the* ANIMALS Complaint of
CRUELTY.

THE Spaniel by Nature is prone
In Water to swim and to sport ;
He'll dive when he's bid for a Stone,
And himself and his Master divert.

The Duck in the Water delights,
And loves it much better than Land,
And thither she flies in her Frights,
To be safe from th' injurious Hand.

Secure in her own Element,
No Danger or Enemy fears ;
Yet One on her Ruin is bent,
And there to attack her he dares.

And this is Diversion for those,
Who, sunk in the Lowness of Life,
Are pleas'd with such tragical Shews,
As Brutes in a worrying Strife.

The Duck at the Sight of her Foe,
Herself from the Danger would hide ;
Plumb down in the Water will go,
And there for a-while will abide.

As long as her Breath she contains,
She sculks the deep Water beneath ;
Anon the smooth Surface she gains,
In Hopes she has 'scaped her Death.

The Spaniel with Vigour pursues,
Now diving, then rising again ;
No Time in the Chace he will lose,
Yet long his Pursuit is in vain.

The Duck with oft diving is tir'd;
 Her Strength can no longer endure;
 Her Breath, in the Struggle expir'd,
 Can hold out the Contest no more.

On the Brim of the Water she lies,
 An easy and trembling Prey;
 The Dog snaps her up in a Trice;
 And this is the End of the Play.

Was the Duck but with Reason endu'd,
 Or in Words could her Anguish express,
 She'd censure a Usage so rude,
 And thus would lament her sad Case.

" My Friends, pray what Harm have I done,
 " That thus you hunt after my Life ?

" Why must my Distress be your Fun ?
 " Why play with my Horror and Grief ?

" The Conquest of me, a poor Duck,
 " To you but small Honour will bring ;

" And, when by your Spaniel I'm took,
 " You'll think me a trifling Thing.

" My Body, when wanted, you have,
 " For Uses by Heaven design'd ;

" O ! then a poor *Animal* save
 " From Treatment so base and unkind !"



Setting Partridges: *Or, HONESTY a Prey to*
 KNAVERY.

WHEN the Corn is reap'd and gone,
 In the Mow well stowed,
 Then the Season is come on
 Sportsmen are allowed:
 They may hunt the Stubble through;
 Unrestrain'd their Game pursue.

Partridges

Partridges are plump and fine,
 And delicious Feeding ;
 They in Company combine,
 From one Nest proceeding :
 One whole Family unite,
 And together take their Flight.

In an Ev'ning stand a-while,
 If it's quiet Weather,
 The old Dams you'll hear a Mile
 Call their Brood together :
 They the Summons strait obey,
 Wheresoever run astray.

The Sportsman, pleased, hears the Call,
 So discerns their Lodges ;
 Where next Day to find 'em all,
 Rightly hence he judges.
 There the Night he lets 'em rest,
 Nor the while will them molest.

In the Morn he takes his Horse,
 And an honest Neighbour,
 With his Dog and Net of course,
 To assist his Labour :
 To the Field they march away,
 Well prepar'd to take their Prey.

Rover, used to the Game,
 Beats about the Scrubble,
 With a sharp, yet cautious Aim,
 Careful not to hobble :
 Not to start 'em, but to shew
 What his Master is to do.

Soon as he the Covey spies,
 Falls upon his Belly ;
 Fix'd on them he keeps his Eyes ;
 By dumb Shew wou'd tell ye,
 " Here they are before me right,
 " Now's your Time to take your Flight."

Then

Then the Net the Sportsmen spread,
 Pointing toward *Rover*,
 And they ride with utmost Speed,
 Till the Birds they cover:
 They affrighted strive to rise,
 But are made an easy Prize.

Thus, when honest People thrive,
 Sharpers will be watching;
 Plotting how they may deceive,
 Mischief ever hatching;
 And their wicked Tools employ,
 Their good Neighbours to annoy.

Unadvis'd is Innocence,
 Art nor Cunning uses;
 Willingly gives no Offence,
 And no Soul abuses:
 And as it no Harm intends,
 Thinks that all Men are its Friends.

But the Knave will slyly mark
 This its simple Notion;
 Takes his Measures in the Dark,
 How he may impose on:
 With a smooth and artful Guile,
 Makes the honest Man his Spoil.



Breaking a Colt: *Or, the Advantage of Education.*

WHILE the Colt is yet unbacked,
 Wild, and loose, as Air free,
 By no reining Bridle checked,
 Nothing knows but Liberty.

Long he'd been upon the Ramble,
 A mere Wanton in the Field,
 Never taught to trot or amble,
 Never yet with Iron heel'd.

But

But his Case must now be alter'd,
 And Restraints upon him laid,
 Taken up, confin'd, and halter'd,
 And a useful Servant made.

He must take the Curb and Snaffle,
 And the bridling Martingal;
 Fain he would the Jockey baffle,
 But his Struggles nought avail.

When to this a-while he's us'd,
 Then the Rider mounts his Back;
 Such a Burden, so imposed,
 Puts his Patience on the Rack.

How he winces! how he dances!
 Tossing up and down his Head;
 How he curvets, snorts and prances!
 And almost stark-staring mad.

When this Treatment he's endured
 Daily for a Week or more,
 And by Practice is enured,
 Knows at length his Rider's Lore.

Now no more himself he teazes,
 Nor an End his Body rears;
 Takes his Rider when he pleases,
 And is easy in his Geers.

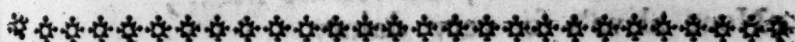
Thus by Nature Youth's inclined
 To obey the Calls of Sense,
 And to Pleasure is resigned,
 Byass'd by no wiser Ends.

But to conquer youthful Passion,
 And to bend the stubborn Will,
 Thus by Wisdom's Rules to fashion,
 Is a Task requires Skill.

Many Ways there must be tried,
 E're they can the Truth digest;
 Gentle Means, or rough, applied,
 With their Genius suiting best.

'Till their Faculties enlighten'd,
 By good Lessons so infus'd,
 Reason by Degrees is brighten'd,
 And to Virtue well dispos'd.

Thus by painful Education,
 Youth their various Duties know;
 How they may adorn their Station,
 How to Wealth and Honour grow.



Sheep-shearing: *Or*, CHARITY UNIVERSAL.

COME, my Lads, let's buckle to it,
 Now the Sheep are wash'd and clean;
 Shew how nicely you can do it —
 Take the Wool, but not the Skin.

We must of their Burden ease 'em,
 Which they've carry'd round the Year;
 It will lighten, and will please 'em,
 Patiently they'll take the Shear.

You good Women, who must wind up,
 After us, the loosen'd Fleece,
 Close and tight be sure you bind up
 Ev'ry broken scatter'd Piece.

By-and-by, when we are weary,
 We together will regale;
 A Plumb-cake will make us merry,
 With a Jug of humming Ale.

Harmless, innocent in Nature,
Is the meek and humble Sheep;
Is a profitable Creature,
Both to kill it and to keep.

From its Wool we make a Garment,
That will shroud us from the Cold;
In the Winter we are warm in't,
'Twill our shiv'ring Limbs enfold.

Nothing better is for curing
Hungry and the barren Land,
Than its Dung, and for manuring
What's for Seed or Feed ordain'd.

When it's kill'd it will content ye
With salubrious, wholesome Meat;
None alive's so very dainty,
But he will good Mutton eat.

Thus it is in all its Uses,
To Mankind benevolent;
Food and Raiment none refuses,
And the Sheep's for this Intent.

Here an Emblem we are viewing
Of the Charitable Man;
Benevolence he's still pursuing;
'Tis his universal Plan.

When he sees a Creature pining,
Wanting necessary Bread,
Soon the hungry Wretch is dining,
By his Bounty richly fed.

When in frosty piercing Weather
He the naked Poor beholds,
Or with Rags half-patch'd together,
He relieves with Cloaths and Coals.

Oft the Prisons will he visit,
 Fittest Objects there to find,
 And releases the Distressed
 With a hearty willing Mind.
 Hears he of unhappy Wretches,
 Sick and languishing in Bed?
 He an Arm of Pity stretches,
 Physick sends, and what they need.
 When a virtuous Man is harass'd,
 And unjustly hunted down,
 He his Cause, howe'er embarrass'd,
 Will defend and make his own.
 'Tis his Practice, 'tis his Study,
 To diffuse his Goodness round,
 To the poor and wretched Body,
 Who, or wheresoever found.
 Thus his Riches, Heaven's Blessing,
 He in Heaven's Cause bestows;
 By his Charity confessing,
 That his All to GOD he owes.
 By his own Example shewing,
 To what End our Wealth is giv'n;
 That for all the Good we're doing,
 Our Reward shall be in Heav'n.



A Ship in a Storm: Or, the FIRMNESS of
 VIRTUE.

THE Man who boldly voyages
 Across the wide extended Seas,
 And trusts a timber'd Ship,
 Beholds the Ways of Providence,
 The vast Abyfs, profound, immense,
 And Wonders of the Deep.

The Clouds are gather'd in the Skie ;
 The frightful Omens in his Eye
 A furious Storm portend ;
 The Sailors looking all aghast,
 Down with their Sails in mighty Haste,
 To Heav'n their Prayers send.

Aloud the dreadful Thunder speaks,
 And quick sulphureous Lightning breaks
 In Flashes from above ;
 Darkness and Horror all around,
 Th' astonish'd Mariners confound,
 To wild Distraction drove.

Now blust'ring *Boreas* roars aloud,
 And furious beats the naked Shroud,
 And makes the Tackle crack ;
 The Masts and Yards, altho' unsail'd,
 Scarce of their Firmness are avail'd,
 And either bend or break.

The Ship no more the Helm obeys,
 But hurls at large upon the Seas,
 From Wave to Wave is toss'd ;
 By Winds outrageous fiercely blown,
 Her stoutest Cables useless grown,
 And human Skill is lost.

Old Ocean tortur'd, loudly roars,
 And raging lashes distant Shores,
 And shakes his hoary Locks ;
 Huge Mountains on his Back he heaves,
 Below him hideous Valleys leaves,
 And bares the horrid Rocks.

Sea after Sea comes rolling on,
 Cover the Ship and overwhelm her down ;
 The Sailors, hardly sav'd,
 Are toss'd and thrown from Side to Side,
 Their Station much ado abide,
 By dashing Waters lav'd.

Aloft she mounts some wavy Ridge,
 And seems the nether World to bridge,
 At an amazing Height;
 From which she falls precipitate,
 As if to meet her certain Fate,
 Again she comes up-right.

For if the Ship is strong and tight,
 And balanced with equal Freight,
 She weathers out the Storm;
 The Rigging's torn, the Sailors wet,
 The Captain's in a fuming Fret,
 But that is all the Harm.

The Man with solid Virtue fraught,
 Sincere in Action and in Thought,
 No Rocks nor Danger fears;
 Through all the various Ills of Life,
 Though the whole World were in a Strife,
 Serenely calm he steers.



The Bowling-green: Or, TRADE fortuitous.

TO the BOWLING-GREEN let us away,
 The Sun is now in the Decline;
 We'll get us a Sweat by the Play,
 'Tis Exercise wholesome and fine.

Come off with your Doublets, my Lads,
 Your Spirits and Vigour exert;
 And as you are mettlesome Blades,
 Be vigilant, active, alert.

But trifle no Time in Debate;
 We Six must be Three against Three;
 So hussle the Lots in a Hat,
 And see who the Partners shall be.

Well matched! — The Jack I will throw,
 And trace it along with my Bowl:
 Hah! — rub—rub a thousand! — Where now!
 How wide from the Jack does it roll!

Will Wimble, the next is your Trull,
 Now try if my Error you'll mend;
 You're narrow three Yards to the full,
 Though the Ground is mark'd out by your Friend.

Jack Bonny succeeds in his Throw,
 And takes a more middling Course;
 Is short by his creeping too slow,
 Tho' he bawls at his Bowl till he's hoarse.

Ned Careless, not minding to poize
 The Bowl while he holds it in Hand,
 Nor the Bias with Judgment employs,
 Shoots by them quite over the Land.

But some their secondary Throws
 Have lodged quite up to the Jack;
 And others have barr'd it so close,
 No Aim at the Mark we can take.

This, *Archer* observing with Care,
 Determines to give them a Smite;
 Neither Friends nor his Foes will he spare,
 But drive in a Fury fore-right.

He scatters them all in a trice,
 And carries the Jack with the Force;
 Down close by its Side there he lies;
 The End is bold *Archer's* in Course.

Thus TRADE may be termed the Green,
 And Profit the Jack that is thrown;
 The Tradesmen and Merchants are keen,
 All trying to make it their own.

But

But when the choice Youths are more skilfully
taught,

And versed the Changes to ring ;
With Judgment can tunefully vary the Note,
And Musick from Dissonance bring ;

With Rapture we hear them, with Wonder admire,
And listen attentively to

The uniform Rounds which in Chorus conspire,
In Strokes so melodious and true.

Just such is the Man who to WISDOM is bred,
Whom Reason and Thinking have taught ;
A System of Prudence still governs his Head,
And Justice and Honour his Thought.

By Rules most unerring with Caution he steers,
In Troubles is calm and serene ;
Not hurried about with his Frights or his Fears,
But still keeps the laudable Mean.

In Matters too arduous for ignorant Heads,
He strikes out a Path that is plain ;
He follows the Clue to the Temple that leads
Where Justice and Judgment remain.

When Discords and Tumults are rise in a State,
And popular Murmurings loud,
By his Wisdom he brings to his Lure the Great,
And calms the tumultuous Crowd.

Whatever the Changes he meets with in Life,
He makes them in Harmony tune ;
His Thoughts and his Actions are never at Strife,
Still smoothly and even they run.



The CHARMS of MUSICK: Or, the JOYS of
H E A V E N.

MUSICK for noble Purpose is design'd,
To raise or calm the Passions of the Mind.

It

It melts soft Pleasures through the tuneful Ear,
 Dispels sad Grief, and releviates Despair.
 As from the Instrument the Tune rebounds,
 We sink entranc'd in meliorated Sounds;
 Or borne aloft, forget terrestrial Things,
 Quit the dull Earth, and take angelic Wings.

Hear the shrill Trumper's loud and martial Voice,
 The Woods and Vales reverberate the Noise.
 The Soldier feels his drooping Courage rise,
 Glow in his Breast, and sparkle in his Eyes;
 A noble Ardour does his Bosom warm,
 And gives resistless Fury to his Arm;
 He drives his Sword impetuously through
 The serried Ranks of his opposed Foe.

The pompous Organ, thro' her piping Throats,
 In vast Profusion pours forth her Notes.
 Sprightly and gay, or solemn be the Tone,
 Our Spirits echo to its Laugh or Groan;
 With Mirth exhilarates, or fills the Heart
 With Gloom and Horror, as it shifts the Part.
 The Lover feels his Passion quicker move,
 And clasps his Mistress in a Trance of Love;
 Our Grief grows sadder, and again we're joy'd;
 Ambition's roused, or it humbles Pride;
 Aloft it bears us on the Wings of Fame,
 Lowers our Flight, and makes our Madness tame.
 Or if a Scope to pious Strains it gives,
 A sweet Impression on the Soul it leaves.
 Seraphic Joy the Mind to Rapture leads,
 And Love celestial through its Being spreads.
 Love, Joy, and Extasy in one unite,
 And raise Devotion to supremest Height.
 Thus we are taught to tread the blest Abode,
 And join with Angels in their Hymns to GOD.

The Violin, when touch'd with skilful Hand,
 Sadness or mirthful Humour will command.

From

From Chord to Chord the bounding Echo flies,
 Or quick, or solemn, as the Finger plies.
 Through a long intricate Division run
 The various Notes, and complicated Tune.
 Thus Sounds discordant prove melodious Lays,
 And charm the Soul, and Melancholy chase.

The *Harp*, of old, chief Instrument of Song,
 In Strains mellifluous tun'd to the Tongue.
 Sacred to GOD were its devoted Lays,
 When DAVID sung his Great Creator's Praise.
 His pious Thoughts to Heaven when resign'd,
 His Hand and Voice to raise them were combin'd;
 He soars aloft, and joins the Choirs above,
 The same his Musick, and the same his Love.
 ORPHEUS, as antiquated Fables tell,
 Charm'd with his *Harp* the gloomy Pow'rs of Hell;
 The Brutes were smitten with his Musick too,
 Wild though they were, yet tame and gentle grew;
 The Trees bow'd down, attentive to his Lyre,
 And lifeless Stones seem'd dancing in the Choir.
 The courtly HORACE, when he tunes his Muse,
 And Love or Wine in varied Verse pursues;
 To great MÆCENAS, or in Virtue's Praise,
 Designs some noble Monument to raise;
 Or his own Frolicks sings with youthful Fire,
 All are resounded by the vocal Lyre.
 PHOEBUS, in his resplendent Glory shewn,
 Encircled by the Muses on his Throne,
 A *Harp* he holds in his majestic Hand,
 As Sovereign of all Poetic Land.

Inventive ART a thousand Ways has found,
 To charm the Mind with variegated Sound;
 To calm the Passions, to exalt the Soul;
 To please the Fancy; Sorrow to controul:
 Yet the best MUSICK's infinitely short
 Of that perform'd in the Celestial Court;
 Where

Where Angels sing, and tune their Harps to Praise,
 And speak their Joys in sweet harmonious Lays.
 Their MUSICK fills th' Empyrean Region round,
 And Space immense prolongs the joyful Sound.
 Thus is their Bliss to high Perfection wrought,
 Peculiar to themselves, above the Reach of Thought.

Sowing: *Or, the Importance of EDUCATION.*

SET the Oxen to the Plough,
 As they're yok'd together,
 Now the Season is to sow,
 Be what will the Weather.

Give the Share a proper Length,
 Not too deep or shallow,
 As you find the Ground in Strength,
 Either stiff or mellow.

Seedsman, you must walk the Land,
 With your Seedlip filled;
 Srew the Corn with even Hand,
 When the Ground is filled.

Clods in Pieces must be torn,
 By the Harrow rended;
 So the sever'd Earth and Corn
 Are together blended.

There it lies the Winter round,
 And the Rain will nourish,
 'Till it spires above the Ground,
 And begins to flourish.

Upward see it still aspire,
 Hast'ning to its Earing,
 Does a Stalk and Strength acquire,
 Fit the Fruit for bearing.

Thus

Thus the young untutor'd Mind
Must be cultivated;
And whatever Weeds we find
Be eradicated.

Then the Seeds of Virtue must
Skillfully be strewed;
In a sure and certain Trust
They will be renewed.

But you must refresh 'em still,
And their Fibres water,
From the Streams of Wisdom's Well,
They will grow the better.

Thus will Virtue thrive apace,
And unite with Reason;
Green as never-fading Bays,
And be ripe in Season.



Reaping: Or, the Improvement of TIME.

THE Corn looks as brown as a Berry,
The Weather is friendly and kind;
And now is the Time we must hurry,
And hope a good Harvest to find.

Good Lads, come away with your Sickle,
And down with the Wheat in a trice;
The Sweat from your Faces will trickle,
But Profit from Labour will rise.

When along in a Swath it is ranged,
You'll bind it up fast into Sheaves;
Then into a Fiven it's changed,
The Tenth the good Vicar receives.

Let's

Let's have of your Labour no Sparring,
 For the Harvest's but once in a Year;
 If Corn is not cut in full Earing,
 No Fruits of our Labour and Care.

A Dinner at Noon, and not later,
 Of Pudding, good Beef, and fat Pork,
 Will be serv'd you in broad wooden Platter,
 Set under a Tree by your Work.

And then, for an Afternoon's Whetting,
 A Bottle Dame brings of stout Beer;
 A Refreshment will not be a Letting,
 But your Spirits enliven and chear.

When Youth into Manhood is ripen'd,
 That Season we well should improve;
 The Mind is then fully enlighten'd,
 The Spirits will actively move.

If then we are idle or vicious,
 In Follies too deeply engage;
 Experience will tell the Judicious,
 What Fruits we shall reap in Old-age.

The Conscience of doing his Duty,
 While Strength and Ability can,
 Adorns like a Jewel of Beauty,
 And brightens the Life of a Man.

When Age and Infirmities take us,
 And Life has no Comforts to give,
 The Fruits of good Action will make us
 Be chearful so long as we live.



MARRIAGE.

THE Youth of both Sexes, by Nature inclin'd,
 To Love's soft Endearments are early inclin'd,
 F Their

Their Passions are glowing betimes with a Fire,
 That melts their young Souls to a longing Desire;
 They pant for that Something to them yet unknown,
 And long 'till kind Heaven their Wishes will crown.

This Passion is lawful when Reason is Guide,
 And can by the Touchstone of Virtue be try'd;
 The Ends of Creation, when rightly pursu'd,
 Are justly esteemed wise, holy, and good;
 Yet still there are Laws our Creator has giv'n,
 Conforming to which will be pleasing to Heaven.

When th' ALMIGHTY presented to ADAM
 his Wife,

He gave her to be his Companion for Life;
 For mutual Bliss, and Increase of their Kind,
 Was *Marriage* at first in great Wisdom design'd;
 For *Eden* itself had appear'd as a Waste,
 Had ADAM alone in the Garden been plac'd.

When Bodies and Souls the same Bands do unite,
 Still new is their Passion, still fraught with Delights
 In Friendship if founded, their Union will grow
 Still stronger, the longer each other they know.
 One Soul in two Bodies at length they will be,
 Their Children as Branches that sprout from one
 Tree.

Thus HY MEN presents us with Treasures untold,
 Far richer than Mines of fine Jewels and Gold;
 Of Jewels and Gold we may be robb'd, and undone,
 But *Nuptial Felicity's* pillar'd by none;
 The Joys that cement it are like those above,
 Where all is sweet Harmony, Musick, and Love.

This, this is a Prospect delightful and fine,
 And plans out the Draught of th' ALMIGHTY's
 Design;

But Man has so fouled the Fountain, his Heart,
 That few its first Purity now can assert;

The

The Streams are all muddy with Passions so gross,
That *Marriage* is now an embittered Dose.

Some madly and thoughtless to *Wedlock* will run,
As if 'twas design'd for a Game or a Fun;
By Custom, that only, these Ninnies are led,
And *marry* because they see others are *wed*.
No Wonder they find that their Joys are but short,
Begun in their Folly, soon ended's their Sport.

Some strongly propens'd by a violent Gust,
Wed only to quench the fierce Rage of their Lust;
When Appetite's cloyed, a Coldness ensues,
That Love is all gone, their Indifference shews;
The beautiful Object that kindled the Fire,
Can furnish no longer one Spark of Desire.

Some sordidly bent on increasing their Store,
Seek Portions and Jointures, but ask for no more;
If Humour and Temper were suiting or not,
Was never the Subject of either their Thought:
They meet like two Strangers, are civil, that's all,
For Love never enter'd the Door of their Hall.

Two fiery Spirits will never unite,
Nor can they agree in a mutual Delight;
Like Furies they'll flash at each other their Fire,
Their Faces still redd'ning with Passion and Ire;
Ever restless and joyless, they both of them curle
The Day they were joined for better for worse.

The heavy dull Drone that has little to say,
Had better keep out of the *Nuptial* Way;
For Love and its Joys he is deemed unfit,
Nor is able to cope with a Scold or a Wit.
A Jest and an Afs he will see himself made,
While ANTLERS perhaps are adorning his Head.

Forbid it good Heav'n that one gentle of Mind,
To one that is savage should ever be join'd;

As soon will the *Wolf* his sworn Covenant keep
 With the humble, unwary, and innocent *Sheep*;
 As soon will the *Hawk* live in Peace with the *Dove*,
 As Tempers so various in Harmony move.

The solid true Bliss that on *Marriage* depends,
 Is founded in Virtue, in Friendship, and Sense;
 These, these are the Jewels, all glorious, adorn
 The Pair for each other so happily born;
 Nor Time nor Disasters diminish their Love,
 They sweetly pass Life to the Regions above.



A CHRISTENING.

THE Fruits of a Marriage,
 Without a Miscarriage,
 Is a Child, either Girl or a Boy;
 Each Friend and Relation,
 On such an Occasion,
 With the Couple Abundance of Joy.

The gossiping Tattle,
 The Chit-chat and Prattle,
 That happen at such a good Time,
 Is the Language of *Babel*,
 Which none e'er was able
 To reduce or to Reason or Rhime.

So leaving their Chatter,
 Let's on to the Matter,
 And christen this Son or a Daughter;
 For should Death surprise it
 Before it's baptized,
 Heav'n knows what becomes of it after!

The Father and Mother
 Call Sister and Brother,
 And some of the best of their Kin;

Here and there a good Neighbour,
Who was at the Labour,
Is summon'd to fill up the Scene.

There too are the Sponsors,
To give in their Answers,
And solemnly promise and vow,
To renounce all that's Evil,
The Works of the Devil,
Vain Glories and Poms here below.
Room, room for the Doctor,
Here comes our Instructor,
Who reads with a reverend Grace;
Devoutly attend ye,
Perhaps he may mend ye,
In Silence pray hear what he says.

The Child being named,
We shall not be blamed
To solace ourselves with good Chear,
With choicest of Liquor,
Shall please the good Vicar,
Wine, Punch, or brave stout humming Beer.
First let us be picking
The Ham and white Chicken;
Then comes a rich Dish of Desserts,
Nice Custards and Jellies,
To pamper our Bellies,
With Sweet-meats, and knick-knacking Tarts.
Your Duty do, you Men,
And kiss the good Women,
Or else all the Fat's in the Fire;
With Courage attack 'em,
And heartily smack 'em,
You'll find that they never will tire.

A Toast — Come, I'll lead one —
 To the Christian just made one;
 The next to the Mother is due;
 Here's wishing the Father
 May call us together,
 And this Feast in ten Months may renew.
 All merry and bonny,
 And frisky and funny,
 Their Jokes on old Batchelors crack;
 The Maids we admonish,
 Themselves not to punish,
 But Time by the Forelock to take.
 This solemn Transaction,
 By serious Reflection,
 Should us of our Duty remind;
 By CHRIST instituted,
 Should firmly be rooted
 In Faith, and with Practice be join'd,
 By CHRIST 'twas commanded,
 Before he ascended,
 That those who his Members would be,
 Must first be baptized,
 So christianized,
 If they of his Church would be free,
 And here is a Lesson,
 Resulting from Reason,
 Good Christians their Judgment to guide;
 That Piety's Practice,
 Though strict and exact is,
 Good Humour and Mirth will abide.



My BIRTH-DAY.

THE Day's return'd that saw my Birth,
 When first I landed here on Earth,
 And op'd my wond'ring Eyes;
 My Hands and Feet no Uses had;
 Naked my Body, e're 'twas clad,
 And all my Language Cries.

What my Ideas were, or Thought,
 Any, or none, I have forgot;
 Or whether then my Mind
 Was more than Sheet of Paper white,
 Whereon Instruction was to write
 Knowledge of ev'ry Kind.

What Corner of my Brain possess'd
 Young Reason, when a new-born Guest,
 And how enlarg'd so soon;
 Or when my Soul was introduc'd,
 Or by the Breath of GOD infus'd,
 To me is now unknown.

Yet this with Gratitude I own,
 That many Years are past and gone,
 Since first the Light I saw;
 That Death his Dart, still brandish'd round,
 Fells Numbers daily to the Ground,
 Yet still my Breath I draw.

To all my Years already pass'd,
 Another's to the Number cast,
 This Day it is complete;
 Behold! I live, I move, and breathe,
 Nor to the Shades am call'd beneath,
 Nor paid old Nature's Debt.

Should

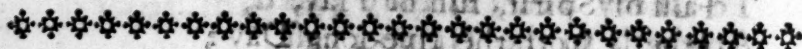
Should I thy Mercies number up,
 My GOD, my Confidence, and Hope,
 This Year receiv'd by me,
 Those Mercies must I reckon by
 The Moments as they swiftly fly,
 So numerous they be.

In what have I deserv'd thy Care,
 Thy Goodness shewn me through the Year,
 And constantly renew'd?
 No single Merit can I trace;
 'Tis of thy free and boundless Grace,
 That I so long have stood.

My Sins, impossible to count!
 To a prodigious Sum amount;
 But yet thy Love exceeds
 The Weight and Measure of them all,
 Tho' heavier than this earthly Ball,
 And more than Summer-seeds.

These easy Terms thou do'st require,
 If I'd escape thy dreadful Ire,
 To Sinners justly due:
 Faith in a dear Redeemer sent,
 Sincerely too I must repent,
 And Righteousness pursue.

If such my Practice, such my Faith,
 With Joy I shall encounter Death,
 If that To-morrow come;
 My Soul his Terrors can't affright;
 His fatal Dart shall give Delight,
 And send me to my Home.



CHILDHOOD.

PRETTY Wanton, lovely Child,
 Yet with Guilt or Shame unsoild;

With

With no Cares or Sorrow press'd,
Thoughtless, playing on the Breast;
Of thy Riches that's the Hoard,
Happy when of that assur'd.

In the Cradle see it lie,
Mamma singing *Lullaby*,
'Till soft Slumbers gently creep
Shut its Eyes in downy Sleep;
Dreams, infused from above,
Turn its Fancy all to Love.

Go-cart next it shoves along,
'Lured by the Nurse's Tongue,
Now its little Feet it tries,
And with all its Vigour plies;
Pleas'd and merry in its Thought,
That so far alone it's got.

Next we hear its idle Prate,
Lisping Words at any Rate;
Aiming, in short broken Sounds,
Something quaintly to pronounce;
Though its Voice be shrill and weak,
Pleas'd we hear it try to speak.

After this, in Book of Horn,
All the Letters it must learn;
Taught to join each Syllable,
And a Word at Length to spell;
Scarcely knowing what it's for,
'Till it gets a little more.

Full of Spirit, full of Play,
It will sport the live-long Day;
In Diversion will engage
With the Fellows of its Age;
Only when it's Hunger-bit,
Then goes Home the little Chit.

Tinsel Gewgaws, glitt'ring Toys,
 Make its leaping Heart rejoice ;
 Hobby-horse, or jointed Doll,
 Gilded Knick-knacks on a Stall,
 Charm it more than all the Gold
 That *Peruvian* Mountains hold.

Thus itself it will divert,
 Minding nothing but its Sport ;
 'Till the Needle, or the Book,
 In its Hand, by Order took,
 Mind and Fingers do employ
 Of my little Girl or Boy.

Innocence is pictur'd here ;
 Harmless, artless, void of Fear ;
 Hearty, cheerful, and serene,
 Joys without, and Peace within.
 Such a Life, with perfect Health,
 Far exceeds the Pomp of Wealth.



YOUTH.

YOUTH is frolick, wild and giddy,
 And is pleas'd with nothing long ;
 Thoughtless, obstinate, unsteady,
 Wilful, of ungovern'd Tongue.

Pleasure still it is pursuing
 Through the various Scenes of Joy,
 Often to its own undoing ;
 Follies are its chief Employ.

What a silly wretched Creature
 Would a Youth become in Time ?
 Like a Beast, except in Feature,
 And much worse, by ev'ry Crime.

But

But instructed in due Season,
 And well principled his Mind;
 Taught to exercise his Reason,
 He is polish'd and refin'd.

Then a thousand Beauties blooming,
 We behold with vast Delight,
 Budding, growing, and becoming
 Still more eminently bright.

But if Virtue takes the Bias,
 And with Reason is combin'd,
 Ever fresh, and gay, and joyous
 Are the Beauties of the Mind.

If to Learning he's inclining,
 And would eternize his Name,
 We shall quickly see him shining
 In the bright Records of Fame.

If with Heroism inspired,
 He in martial Deeds delights,
 For his Country he is fired,
 And for Liberty he fights.

If the Law he rather chuses,
 And the Bar be his Intent,
 He despises its Abuses,
 And on Justice only bent.

If from School he's sent to College,
 For the Pulpit to prepare;
 There he will improve his Knowledge,
 Such as suits the sacred Care.

But if his good Friends design him
 A Mechanic to be made,
 They with Pleasure still shall find him
 Honest, busy in his Trade.

Youth,

Youth, we know, to Love is subject,
 Soon it seizes on the Heart;
 Beauty is the charming Object,
 Which directs the cruel Dart.

'Tis in vain to bid Defiance
 To the little God of Love;
 He will force a quick Compliance,
 Or his keenest Arrows prove.

But if Youth let Reason guide 'em,
 They the Poison will evade;
Cupid's Dart will fall beside 'em,
 Or not hurt their Heart or Head.

When by Prudence they're directed,
 They will look for other Charms;
 Beauty alone will be rejected;
 Him that's wise it never harms.

Thus the Youth, who is instructed
 In the School of Discipline,
 All his Actions are conducted
 Well, and will illustrious shine.

Hence a lib'ral Education
 Is a Blessing, all must own;
 It will brighten ev'ry Station,
 And a Youth with Glory crown.



M A N H O O D.

WHEN MAN has once left all the Frolicks
 behind,
 His Youth had bewitched, led headlong and blind,
 And he a much nobler Employment can find,
 Than merely his Pleasure;
 When

When Reason is ripen'd, and Vigour is full,
 And Judgment the Passions has under Controul,
 And the Senses are govern'd by rational Rule,
 He has a rich Treasure.

His Mind is a Treasure of Knowledge and Thought,
 With Maxims of Wisdom is copiously fraught,
 In the School of Experience happily taught

Truth, Right, and Decorum;
 Reflections on what in his Youth he had seen,
 The numberless Follies in which he had been,
 As odious Objects to give him the Spleen,
 Appear all before him.

Though frightful, they serve him for Purposes good,
 To warn him of Dangers that are on the Road,
 Which never again shall his Senses delude,

Whatever betide him;
 The Flights and Mis-rule of his Youth still in View,
 The Rocks and the Shallows, escaped by few,
 The dreadful Disasters from them that accrue,

Are Beacons to guide him.
 With Caution and Prudence his Conduct he rules,
 Nor follows the Dictates of mad-headed Fools,
 His Vigour no longer in Indolence lulls,

To Action he rouses;
 For this is the Time he must strive to improve,
 And his Judgment on right and true Principles
 move,

No more in the Mazes of Folly to rove,
 Things wisely he chuses.

If Riches he'd gather, then Buffle's the Word;
 For Idleness never had Wealth in its Hoard,
 The Hive and the Comb are by Industry stor'd;

With Treasures of Honey;
 No Stone leaves unturn'd, nor Occasion will miss;

On this single Object he fixes his Eyes,
 Unwearied and constant all Methods he tries

To bag up the Money.

But if with Ambition and Glory he's fired,
 And envies Great *Cæsar* the Fame he acquired,
 And aims at the Height to the which he aspired
 By Valour and Spirit;

His Talents and Courage he now must exert,
 All Dangers encounter with Hand and with Heart,
 At Death and its Horrors he never must start,
 Or seemingly fear it.

This Now is his Harvest, and Now he must toil,
 So long as the Summer and Sun on him smile,
 And hoard up the Fruits that mature in his Soil,

And carefully barn 'em;
 He knows not the Turns in his Fortune to come,
 What Troubles and Crosses may yet be his Doom,
 Nor can on continual good Fortune presume,

As others may warn him.

Yet if above others he's happily blest'd,
 And nothing disturbs the sweet Calm of his Rest,
 Successful in Dealings, in Nothing distress'd,

Supporting his Figure;
 Yet let him remember Old-age will arrive,
 Infirm, weak, and feeble, unable to strive,
 How grievous if then he's by Labour to live,

Or must be a Beggar?
 Take Time by the Forelock, for bald it's behind;
 The Time that's before you uncertain you'll find;
 The Time that is present can only be thine,

O! miss not the Season.
 Your Vigour, and Strength, and Abilities shew,
 Abundance depends on improving the Now;
 Thy ALL, that both Heaven and Earth can bestow,
 Is couch'd in this Lesson.

 OLD AGE: *Or, the Twelfth Chapter of ECCLESIASTES paraphrased.*

OLD-AGE is the Winter of Man,
 Spread over with Frost and with Snow;
 The very Extreme of his Span,
 When Life but a Step has to go.

The Wrinkles his Cheeks that indent,
 The Furrows deep-trac'd on his Brow,
 Infallible Tokens are sent,
 His End near approaching to shew.

The Vessels that long had convey'd
 Through his Body nutritious Juice;
 To Life had afforded their Aid,
 Grown dry, have forgotten their Use.

His Hands, paralytic, no more
 His Body can feed or defend;
 His Muscles have lost all their Pow'r,
 Nor wonted Activity lend.

His Legs, those strong Pillars on which
 His Body stood firmly and strait,
 Scarce forward a Step can he stretch,
 Just ready to sink with his Weight.

His Teeth are all rotten or lost;
 His Food he no longer can grind;
 And only can mumble at most
 The Meat to his Stomach consign'd.

His Lips, which his Language declar'd,
 Fell inward, are clos'd on his Gum,
 That hardly his Voice can be heard,
 Nor give to his Utterance Room.

The Organs of Hearing obtuse,
 Not even soft Musick can please;
 Not chear'd by sweet Song or the Muse,
 Though *Phæbus* himself tun'd the Lays.

All fled are his Pleasures and Joys,
 And nothing remains but his Fear;
 His Thoughts on his Safety employs,
 And dreads even Danger not near.

His Head is all whiten'd with Hair,
 And Reverence from us demands;
 Yet these with a Witness declare,
 His Glass has just empty'd its Sands.

His Sight is grown weakly and dim,
 And Objects distinctless appear;
 And Beauty is charmless to him,
 And joyless the Sight of the Fair.

His Senses no Pleasure receive;
 Extinct is all manner of Joy;
 Can no Bliss from Desires receive;
 His Faculties lose their Employ.

His Back is now hunched, his Bones
 Are ready to start through his Skin;
 The Grass-hopper's Figure he owns;
 His Legs a-like slender and thin.

The Marrow, that Silver-like Cord,
 That runs through the Bone of his Back,
 Its Spirits no more can afford,
 The Nerves of it flaccid and slack.

That Vessel, the Colour of Gold,
 Which holds the Contents of the Brain,
 Grows useless when Man becomes old,
 Nor can its fine Liquor contain.

The Veins are that Pitcher of Life,
That carry the Blood to the Heart;
Now stopt is their vigorous Strife,
Or feebly they manage their Parr.

The Wheel's the Rotation of Blood;
The Heart is the Cistern from whence
Is pushed the Life-giving Flood,
Which scarce a few Drops can dispense.

The Body is bending to Earth;
To Dust it is mouldring apace;
For that's its original Birth,
And that is the End of its Race.

The Spirit, releas'd from the Clay,
To GOD, it's first Giver, return'd,
Receives from its Judge the due Pay,
Which, join'd to the Body, it earn'd.

Since these are the Fruits of OLD-AGE,
And Youth's alone active and strong,
Betimes in those Duties engage,
Which do to Religion belong.

Remember that then is the Time
Thy MAKER to serve and adore;
That Youth of thy Life is the Prime,
Which Heaven or Hell will ensure.



DEATH.

DEATH! thou grim Tyrant, ghastly Shade!
Existence dire! which GOD ne'er made;
Offspring profane of human Guilt!
Whose mortal Dart by all is felt.

Terrific King! whose lawless Sway,
Mankind without Reserve obey;

Thy Empire round the World extends,
And only with the World it ends.

With Millions has thy Maw been fed,
Yet was ne'er fill'd by all the Dead;
Not Pray'rs nor Tears thy Frowns abate,
Thou dreadful Minister of Fate!

The awful Front of Majesty
Never with Awe could startle THEE;
The proudest Monarch from his Throne,
Or soon or late, thou tumblest down.

The valiant Hero, who has slain
His Thousands on the sanguin Plain,
Nor Shield nor Courage can his Heart
Defend from thy pernicious Dart.

If Wisdom could protect the Life
Of Man in his last mortal Strife,
David's Great Son had never dy'd,
Nor *Socrates*, nor more beside.

Virtue, nor pious Deeds avail
Against the Stroke of Death's Affail;
Heav'n's Fav'rites meet with no Regard —
Nor one beneath an Angel's spar'd.

If Riches were of any Stead
To Man upon his dying Bed,
Cresus, and many Thousands more
Had still enjoy'd their wealthy Store.

If Innocence could smoothe thy Brow,
To Infants thou would'st Favour shew;
Yet Multitudes of these we see
Are daily sacrific'd by THEE.

If Strength and Spirit, vig'rous Nerve,
Against thy Tyranny would serve,
Youth an Exemption might expect,
Yet none of these can Youth protect.

What Hope have we to 'scape thy Rod,
Who sparedst not the SON of GOD?
Presumptuous, daring Insolence!
Which on thy Head He'll recompence.

Thy Malice though thou didst exert,
Thy mighty Triumph was but short;
Thine, and the Pow'rs of Hell, He spurns,
And glorious from the Tomb returns.

Sure Earnest of the certain Doom,
That on thy vanquish'd Head shall come;
For know, at last, that GOD will send
A Dart that shall thy Being end.

The Worlds of Men that thou hast slain,
Restor'd by Him, shall live again;
Their Souls, at once, he will replace,
And all thy Victories disgrace.

And THOU, who thus hast conquer'd ALL,
Shall from thy Height of Empire fall;
Thy Name and Pow'r shall end at once—
So does thy Conqueror pronounce.



The GRAVE.

SILENT, quiet, easy Bed
Of th' inanimated Dead;
Refuge safe from Cares and Strife,
And the bustling Noise of Life.
Death first lays his clay-cold Hands,
And our Breath away commands;
Then consigns us to thy Pow'r,
Where our Bodies Worms devour.

What a Havock hast thou made?
Countless Myriads hast thou laid,

Closetted

Closetted within thy Womb,
 In the Earth, the Sea, or Tomb.
 Princes, Nobles, mighty Kings,
 Death regardless to THEE brings;
 Heroes, Men of high Renown,
 Fam'd for Deeds, or by a Crown;
 Whether flaunting in the Hall,
 Or on filthy Dunghill crawl;
 If of great or little Note,
 Drop into thy gaping Throat.

Beauty, in its gayest Bloom,
 Finds in THEE a furnish'd Room.
 Wit, with its sarcastic Jest,
 Tongueless in thy Bosom rests.
 Learning and Philosophy
 Hold no Arguments in THEE.
Dives, naked and alone,
 In thy Cavern lays him down.
 Here the Patriot never dreams
 Of his salutary Schemes.
 Here the Lawyer drops his Brief,
 Equall'd with the very Thief,
 He so fiercely did oppose,
 Both together here they doze.
 Mute and tuneless is the Song
 Of the most melodious Tongue;
 All its soft'ning Airs are lost,
 When it comes into thy Coast.
 When thou do'st a Poet hearse,
 He must quit his darling Verse;
 When the Destinies consign
 Him to THEE, he quits the *Nine*;
 For within the silent Tomb,
 Muse could never find a Room.

Though thy closing Arms embrace
 Ev'ry Wretch of Human Race,

There

There are some thou do'st befriend,
And from Tyranny defend.

When Oppression rages fierce,
And no Help from Man appears,
Heaven sends us thy Relief,
Sure Retreat from eating Grief;
From thy Hands the Pris'ner meets
Full Discharge from all his Debts.
Slaves, worn out with Work and Pain,
Happy Refuge in THEE gain.
To the miserable Wretch,
Do'st thy Arms of Pity stretch.
To the Lazar givest Ease,
In thy Prison's no Disease.

Yet surrender up thou must
What's committed to thy Trust.
That prodigious Number thou
Hast within thy Bowels now,
Will be summon'd to appear,
Each in proper Character,
At the last and dreadful Day,
From the Earth, and from the Sea,
From the various Elements,
Where are scatter'd their Contents.
Then thou must disgorge thy Glut,
All, in all thy Prisons shut,
To receive their final Doom
In Eternity to come.

ETER-



ETERNITY.

An IRREGULAR ODE.

ETERNITY! how awful is the Thought!
 With Things of vast Importance fraught;
 Of infinite Concern
 For thee, my Soul, to learn;
 Whose Being, once begun,
 To an Eternity shall run;
 In heav'nly Bliss with kindred Seraphs join'd,
 Or be with Devils damn'd to Hell confin'd.

Where shall the Muse her Song begin?
 Or whence derive her Verse?
 Her Subject had no Origin,
 No Bound restrains its Course.
 The Flight exceeds a Mortal's Soar,
 Frail in his Nature, weak in Pow'r,
 For Contemplation made,
 With heavy Flesh and Senses clad;
 Yet an immortal Principle within
 Beckons her off from this terrestrial Scene.

Begin with GOD:
 O boundless Theme!
 What Stretch of Thought can reach to Him?
 How shall an animated Clod
 Range through Immensity of Space,
 Or shew to mortal Eyes his everlasting Ways?
 Beyond the farthest Reach of Thought,
 E'er countless Ages had begun,
 E'er Energy Divine had wrought,
 And Worlds from nothing won;

E'er

E'er Angels in a Chorus join'd,
 In Love and Harmony combin'd ;
 E'er Praise inflam'd the Seraph's Tongue,
 Or Heav'n with Hallelujahs rung,
 Supreme, Alone,

Was, and for ever was th' Almighty One.

Too grand's the Theme for human Lays ;
 Ye Angels can the Subject raise ;
 Your vast Ideas stretch

Beyond a Mortal's Reach ;

Yet You, with all your Ardor, all your Flame,
 Can only sing, not comprehend his Name ;

The Wonders of the Godhead you
 Find it impossible to know ;
 With Rev'rence veil before his Throne,
 Confess Him GOD, and GOD alone.

As the Eternity that's past,
 Coeval was with GOD alone,
 So that to come, to which we haste,

An endless Length shall run ;
 Millions of Millions, million-told,
 Numbers and Figures may unfold ;
 Figures and Numbers here are vain
 This knotty Problem to explain ;
 The learned'st Wit, with sharpest Ken,
 May a whole Age employ his Pen ;
 Fruitless will be his Search and Pains,

To shew the Years ETERNITY contains.

The Mind's bewilder'd, Reason lost
 In searching out this boundless Coast ;
 It is an Ocean fathomless,
 And unconfin'd its Shore,
 No End allows to Voyages,
 No Port shall we explore.

An Ocean of such Quality,
 That none shall perish launch'd thereon;
 Still rigg'd and tight the Ship shall be,
 And Shipwreck suffer none.
 To some 'twill yield a pleasant Gale;
 A gentle and refreshing Breeze
 Shall ever fill the filken Sail,
 Serene and smiling Weather please.
 But fearful Storms and furious Winds,
 And forked Lightning's dreadful Flash,
 Others shall plague and fright their Minds,
 And Fire and Fury on them dash;
 Their Souls amaz'd shall horrid Spectres scare,
 And Yells astonish, screeched in their Ear.

What awful Thoughts my Soul surprize,
 As they the Theme pursue!
 What Scenes amazing on me rise,
 And open to my View!

Must I for-ever live again,
 When Death has took me hence?
 Does there a Heav'n, or Hell remain,
 To be my Recompence?

And must I endless Ages pass
 In Happiness or Woe?
 Does all depend upon the Race
 That I am running now?

Ye Poms and vain Pursuits avault,
 Ye glitt'ring Toys away;
 Too long my Heart has been your Haunt,
 And by you led astray.

Grandeur and Wealth, and Glory too,
 Such as the World bestows,
 Please but a little while, and lo!
 The mighty Joy we lose.

In Heav'n alone the Soul enjoys
 A perfect happy State;
 There her whole Being she employs
 In Bliss without a Date.

Terrestrial Objects are no more —
 ETERNITY's in View —
 Open, O Death, thy friendly Door —
 Ye Vanities adieu!



SOLOMONIAN OBSERVATIONS.

The GOOD WIFE.

PROV. xxxi. 10, &c.

COULD I but find a virtuous Wife,
 To smoothe the rugged Road of Life,
 How happy should I be!
 No Jewel of the greatest Price,
 No precious Thing beneath the Skies,
 Should be so priz'd by me.

But, lest you should mistake the Dame,
 The noble Qualities I'll name,
 That mark her Character;
 If there is one in all the Earth
 Of such invaluable Worth,
 Kind Heaven give me Her.

In Thought and Deed she's strictly chaste;
 With amiable Prudence bless'd,
 And frugal in Expence;
 At Home so wise a Manager,
 She frees me from all anxious Care,
 And gives me to my Friends.

My Love with Love she will requite,
 Studious alone of my Delight,
 And how Offence t'avoid;
 My Honour and my Interest
 Are safely lodg'd within her Breast,
 And shall not be annoy'd.

Early and late in Household Care,
 No idle Hours she has to spare,
 Nor Chat her Time beguiles;
 Her Wheel and Distaff, Reel and Comb,
 Prepare Materials for the Loom,
 Well-pleased with her Toils.

The Diligent she still employs;
 She sends abroad her Merchandise,
 And thrives by honest Gain;
 The Merchants thus all Dangers dare,
 And bring their Riches from afar,
 Across the stormy Main.

No more of Sleep with her will suit,
 Than wearied Nature to recruit;
 She rises e're it's Light;
 Provision for her Men she gets,
 Her Maids their sev'ral Tasks she sets,
 That all may a't aright.

Thus, by her Vigilance and Care,
 She has enough, and some to spare,
 And bags up the Increase;
 A Field she buys, or Vineyard plants,
 Still provident for future Wants,
 And ev'n Contingencies.

Nimble she stirs her active Limbs,
 And ev'ry-where at once she seems,
 Above, below, without, within;
 Her Garments girded round her Loins,
 Her Hands to any Labour joins,
 Nor fears to soil her skin,

Vigour

Vigour and Health from Exercise,
 With many other Blessings rise,
 And Riches not the least;
 Urged by these, her Candle-light
 Encroaches on the black-ey'd Night,
 Unmindful of her Rest.

The Spindle she will not disdain,
 But plies the Distaff might and main,
 And twists the slender Thread;
 With her own Hands the Yarn she twines,
 Nor at the tedious Work repines,
 Till to the Loom it's sped.

But tho' she's busily intent,
 And on her Gain seems wholly bent,
 Yet she regards the Poor;
 Her lib'ral Hand you see her stretch,
 To feed and cloath the needy Wretch,
 And none in vain implore.

She and her healthy Household shew,
 They're not afraid of Frost and Snow,
 All cloath'd in Garments warm;
 If she assumes a grander State,
 Her Servants, richly liv'ry'd, wait,
 And the Beholders charm.

Her House is nobly furnish'd through
 With Tapestry of various Hue,
 With nicest Skill in-wove;
 And the rich Splendors of her Dress
 Her Wealth and Grandeur well express,
 And force both Awe and Love.

Her Husband, robed by her Hands,
 Among the Great Respect commands,
 When he the State attends;
 Thrice happy he in such a Wife,
 Who frees him from the Toils of Life,
 And to his Country lends.

Her Needle curious Works employ,
Which the *Phœnician* Merchants buy,
And spread abroad her Fame;
Her Mind's enrich'd with ev'ry Grace,
Honour and Virtue crown her Days,
And dignify her Name.

Wisdom sits Regent on her Tongue;
Her Speech is with the Graces hung,
Her Lips with Eloquence;
In Streams of Love her Language flows;
She takes a Share in others Woes —
She's all Benevolence.

Her Household's under strict Command,
She rules them with a sov'reign Hand;
All willingly obey;

Her Precepts and Example shew,
Kills she never will allow,
Nor Time to spend in Play.

Her Children, dutiful and good,
With Reverence own their Mother-blood,
And bless the tender Name;

Her Husband, with a grateful Heart,
Shall to the World her Praise impart,
And his Esteem proclaim.

Many good Women might be nam'd,
For various Excellencies fam'd,
Each deem'd a Star of Light;
But all the Virtues of thy Sex,
Center'd in thee their Beauties fix,
And shine divinely bright.

Beauty's a frail and transient Thing,
Fades while it blooms, and short its Spring,
Where Vice is oft enshrin'd;
A Woman's meritorious Praise
Is Virtue, Modesty, and Grace,
With a religious Mind.

Such

Such is the Wife, if such there be,
 O gracious Heav'n bestow on me,
 Yet hardly hope to find;
 Her Worth I can't enough extol
 With all the Powers of my Soul—
 The Loveliest of her kind !



The A D U L T E R E S S.

PROV. vii. 6, &c.

AS I at my Window one Evening sat,
 Amusing my Fancy with this and with that,
 The Gloom slowly creeping envelop'd the Skies,
 And Night with her Mantle had cover'd my Eyes:
 Yet through the brown Veil could distinctly discern
 What Objects there pass'd, and what their Concern,
 All quickly dispers'd as others came on,
 At last my Attention was fixed on one.

A Youth, who appeared unconscious of Thought,
 Who ne'er had the Maxims of Wisdom been taught,
 Came tripping along, with a delicate Air,
 In Search, as it seem'd, of some wandering Fair.

To the Corner he hasten'd, where vendible Charms
 Were ready to throw themselves into his Arms;
 Where Cullies are frequently fool'd of their Wits,
 And get in Exchange what their Folly besits.

The House of a Lady stood just on the Spot,
 Whose Trade was in Youth, a good Trade she had
 got ;

Not one of her Function excell'd her in Skill,
 To wheedle and 'lure young Fools to her Will.

She had trick'd herself up in her wanton Attire,
Some Heart, all-unguarded, with Love to inspire;
With Jewels and Ribbons, to give her a Grace,
Her Head was adorned, and painted her Face.

Loquacious and loud is her turbulent Tongue,
And bold her Behaviour her Lovers among;
Still gadding abroad; in the Streets she will ply,
And fasten on any fine Youth that comes by.

This pretty young Spark she no sooner had view'd,
But instant resolv'd to her Cue to delude;
With a Jaunt and a Toss of her Head she comes on,
And thus she her impudent Prelude begun.

Her Arms round his Neck she lasciviously cast,
And close to her Bosom his Body she press'd;
In amorous Glances her Meaning was shewn,
She kiss'd him, and hugg'd him, and thus she went
on:

- Sure never was Woman so happy as I,
- And Fortune's so kind she will nothing deny;
- My Thanks for her Favours this Day I have paid,
- And a Feast for my Friends I have joyfully made.
- Thee, first of them all I resolv'd to invite,
- And came here on purpose to seek my Delight;
- I'm ravish'd to think that my Fortune's so kind,
- That thee, my Dear Life, I so readily find.
- When we are regaled enough with our Feast,
- To my Bed we will go, and again will be blest'd;
- My Bed is embellish'd with all that is fine,
- And rich fragrant Odors, on which we'll recline.
- Come then, my dear Jewel, let's hasten away,
- I long for a little fond amorous Play;
- As Lovers are wonted, our Time we'll employ,
- And Love's sweetest Dainties, unsated, enjoy.

• Nor

' Nor need we to fear Interruption from him,
' My Husband, so called, my Lord who should
seem ;

' He's gone a long Journey, and not to return,
' Till Things are dispatched of weighty concern.'

Bewitch'd with her flattering Speeches, the Youth
Was charm'd with her Beauty, and thought her all
Truth ;

Persuaded and govern'd by Passion and Sense,
He yields himself Captive, and makes no Defence.

Like the stupid dull Ox to the Slaughter when led,
Instead of the Crib, where he us'd to be fed ;
Or the Fool, who is doomed to sit in the Stocks,
The Shame and Correction he fillily mocks.

So the Youth, without fearing an Ill in her Charms,
Himself gave at once to her ruinous Arms :

As the Bird that flies down to the Food that is laid,
That Instant a Prey to the Fowler is made.

Fly then, my dear Youth, from so cur'st an Em-
brace ;

For certain Destruction, eternal Disgrace,
Will doubtless be their unavoidable Doom,
Who tread in her Paths, and her Captives become.

Think not that you can at your Pleasure retreat ;
She has foiled the Strong, and the Wise, and the
Great ;

And those who have made of their Stoutness their
Boast,

Their Health, and Estates, and their Lives they
have lost.

All, all to their Folly sad Victims have fell ;
Her House is the Passage unerring to Hell ;
Each Step, be assur'd, that you take to her Bed,
To Death and Damnation will certainly lead.



The H A R L O T.

PROV. v. 3, &c.

THE Harlot when she lays her Bait,
 To catch some thoughtless Cull,
 She tips her Tongue with fair Deceit,
 To 'lure the am'rous Fool :
 Sweeter than Honey drop her Words :
 The smoothest Oil her Mouth affords.
 But know, fond Youth, thy destin'd Fate,
 If she o'er thee prevail,
 Repentance then will be too late
 And useless all thy Wail.
 Her Sweets a bitter Wormwood prove,
 A two-edg'd Sword her warmest Love.
 Death is in ev'ry Step she takes,
 And Ruin is thy Doom ;
 With ev'ry Conquest that she makes,
 She fills an empty Tomb :
 Her Trophies are poor ruin'd Souls,
 And Hell's replenish'd with her Fools.
 So many Ways she will deceive,
 Thou canst not them explore ;
 And, when thou would'st thyself retrieve,
 Thou still art in her Pow'r :
 For tho' thou see'st thyself undone,
 Yet, spite of thee, she'll charm thee on.
 Avoid her as the Pestilence,
 For such she'll prove to thee ;
 Rush by her Door with Violence ;
 Be resolutely free :
 Her House is a detested Jail,
 From whence thou'lt never find a Bail.

O listen

O listen then, my dearest Youth;

Your Honour is at Stake;

No more the vain Delusion sooth;

In Time your Fetters break:

Thy Substance spent, thou'lt be her Scorn,

She'll laugh to see thee thus forlorn.

How will it vex thy Soul to see

Others possess thy Wealth!

Thyself reduc'd to Beggary,

And lost thy Strength and Health!

How wilt thou bear their grinning Taunts,

Who riot on thy meagre Wants?

How grievous will Reflection be!

How sadly wilt thou moan!

When, Friends nor Money thou canst see,

And ev'ry Comfort gone!

When, of thy worldly Goods bereft,

Nought but thy Skin and Bones are left!

Thy Heart will into Pieces burst,

To think on Follies past:

' O, wilt thou say, I'm doubly curs'd!

' To Ruin was in haste!

' For, had I listen'd to Reproof,

' I still from her had stood aloof.

' With Shame my Follies I confess,

' For I renounc'd all Good;

' By Day, by Night the horrid Chace

' I openly pursu'd:

' Advice on me was wholly lost,

' For Wickedness was all my Boast.

S I W Be religiously

Her House is a desolate

From whence thou hast

O

W I S D O M's *Advice.*

Ver. 15, &c.

HE A R then, dear Youth, what *Wisdom* says,
 And take her sound Advice ;
 'Twill be thy Honour and thy Praise---
 How happy to be wise !
 If thou'lt enjoy the Sweets of Life,
 Those Sweets are only in a Wife.
 Pleasures in her thou'lt always find,
 Chaste, innocent, and pure ;
 Such as will ne'er disturb thy Mind,
 And always will endure :
 This limpid Stream will ever flow,
 Unfoul'd with Penitence or Woe.
 Her Spring will into Rivers run,
 And spread themselves abroad ;
 Her Issue, sprung from thee alone,
 Will honour thy Abode :
 Thus shalt thou rise to honest Fame,
 And Babes unborn shall bless thy Name.
 What secret Pleasure will it be,
 Thy Children round thee plac'd,
 To hear *my Father* lisp'd to thee ?
 Thy *own* by thee embrac'd ?
 All from the sweetest Fountain sprung,
 Which only can to thee belong ?
 Thus shall thy Youth with Joys abound,
 Of such a Wife possess'd ;
 Such as with Harlots are not found,
 Whose Charms are all a Pest :
 With her thou freely may'st rejoice,
 For this is G O D's and Nature's Voice.

Thy

Thy Love on her alone bestow,
 It is her sacred Right;
 And let thy constant Passion show
 She is thy sole Delight:
 As the young playful Fawns divert,
 Do thou with her delighted Sport.
 Here then true Happiness is found,
 Which Harlots never give;
 With them the worst of Plagues abound,
 And Woes behind 'em leave:
 Fly then the ruinous Embrace,
 Quickly avoid th' infested Place.
 Know this, that GOD beholds thy Ways,
 And ev'ry secret Thought;
 Is pleas'd when thou deservest Praise,
 And punishes if naught:
 What He approves, be that thy Choice,
 So in His Love thou shalt rejoice.



The SLUGGARD.

PROV. vi. 6, &c.

SLUGGARD, thou eldest Son of Want,
 And Nature's lazy Child,
 Behold the busy little Ant,
 And mark her constant Toil.

See how she lugs along that Grain,
 Of mighty Weight and Size,
 To hide within her Magazine
 The rich and noble Prize.

The num'rous Clan is spread abroad,
 And wondrous diligent,
 To fill with Stores their grand Abode
 Unanimously bent,

No

No Guide nor Governor they need,
 Their Labours to inspect;
 In the main Chance they're all agreed,
 None guilty of Neglect.

No Time for Rest they intermit
 The live-long Summer's Day;
 Brisk and alert amidst the Heat,
 No Weariness betray.

For Winter they their Prog dispose
 In Cells exactly wrought,
 Secur'd from spoiling Frosts and Snows,
 For so has Nature taught.

Canst thou this busy Scene survey,
 Who art to Sloth devote,
 And yet wilt dream thy Time away,
 And not these Labours note?

Rouse, rouse for Shame, awake, arise,
 All Nature calls to thee;
 Up, and behold the Earth and Skies,
 No Idleness you'll see.

Those glorious Bodies plac'd on high,
 Continual Courses run;
 Of Earth's unnumber'd Progeny,
 Exempt from Work is none.

' Prithee begone, and let me take
 ' Another little Doze;
 ' How sweet is Sleep! — I cannot wake —
 ' Nor yet mine Eyes uncloze.'

Yes, fold thy Arms, and doze again,
 And hug thy Pillow close;
 No more I shall disturb thy Brain,
 Nor Slumbers discompose.

Thy Poverty, with silent Pace,
Will travel softly on;
Till Want shall stare thee in the Face,
And strip thee to the Bone.

The WINE-BIBBER.

PROV. xxiii. 29, &c.

YOU, who your Health and Strength enjoy,
And are with various Plenty bless'd;
Whose Thoughts no anxious Cares annoy,
By Fortune and by Friends caress'd;

Why will you hunt for Ills abroad,
And voluntary Woes procure?
Why at the Tavern heat your Blood,
And future Penitence insure?

Dire are th' Effects of potent Wine
To an ungovern'd Appetite;
Man it will level with the Swine,
And shew an abject beastly Sight.

Reason is jostled from her Seat,
And Rage and Madness take the Helm;
Outrage and Brawls the Scene complete,
And all Decorum over-whelm.

Folly succeeds to Argument;
In loud Uproar is drown'd each Voice;
Each to be heard is eager bent;
All join in one confused Noise.

From Words they soon proceed to Blows,
And Thumps go lustily about;
And thus the raging Tumult grows,
Till Order's turn'd to Revel-rout.

Who can describe each furious Look?
Each like a horrid Fiend appears;
Not one will Contradiction brook;
Not one a Reason gives or hears.

Faces are bruise'd, and Noses bleed,
 And Garments into Pieces tore;
 What sad Effects from hence proceed,
 The Light and Morning shall explore.

Then what a woful tragic Scene,
 Is open'd to th' amazed Crew!
 Rueful Repentance, sad Chagrin
 Their drunken Midnight Frolicks shew.

O then the tempting Glass forbear,
 When the Wine sparkles in thine Eye;
 A poison'd Sting is lurking there,
 And biting Adders hidden lie.

Thy lustful Passions will be stirr'd,
 And on forbidden Objects plac'd;
 Thy Mouth abound in Things absurd;
 Thyself and dearest Friend disgrac'd.

Thy Sense and Reason bury'd deep,
 No threatening Danger wilt thou see;
 Like him, who on the Mast asleep,
 A Gust may toss into the Sea.

So stupid too, thou wilt not feel
 The Whips and Scourges on thee laid,
 But, waken'd, crave again the Swill,
 That thee, but now, a Beast had made.



The S C O L D.

PROV. xxi. 9, 19. xxvii. 15, 16, &c.

ON the House-top, where Winds and Rain
 And Tempests drive their furious Train,
 I'll hide behind a Door,
 Rather than in a spacious House,
 Live with a brawling noisy Spouse,
 In Clamour and Up roar.

I'd rather dwell with Savages,
 Amidst a rueful Wilderness,
 And lodge in horrid Den,
 Than in a Palace be, controll'd
 By a loud boisterous female Scold,
 That dreadful Plague of Men.

As he whose Roof lets in the Rains,
 A-bed or up no Rest obtains,
 Is still as wet as Dung;
 So he who has a scolding Wife,
 She makes him weary of his Life
 With her confounded Tongue.

As well we may control the Wind;
 Or strong Perfume shall be confin'd,
 When put into the Hand;
 As make a railing Woman hold
 Her Clamour, and forbear to scold —
 For she defies Command.



Seven ABOMINATIONS.

PROV. vi. 16, &c.

A *Haughty Look*, and proud Disdain,
 Exalted with Conceit,
 Homage from others would obtain,
 Itself alone complete.

Falshood, that raises Calummies,
 And groundless Tales contrives;
 In Jest or Earnest telling Lies,
 And purposely deceives.

The *cruel Wretch*, who spills the Blood
 Of Man without Remorse,
 Whose Views ambitious are pursu'd
 By Violence and Force.

The *Heart*, with Fraud and Mischief full,
On Villainy intent,
How undesigning Men to gull,
And wrong the Innocent.

Feet, that are swift to execute
The most pernicious Schemes,
Which have no Rest in the Pursuit
Of vile malicious Aims.

The *Atkeist*, who in open Court,
Can give false Evidence;
And of an Oath can make his Sport,
As if 'twas no Offence.

The *envious Wretch*, who Discord sows
Among the dearest Friends;
Who can that sacred Knot unloose,
Which social Bliss cements.

These are the seven woful Plagues
With which poor Man is curs'd;
With these his wretched Life he drags—
Now say, Which is the worst?



The Perfections of W I S D O M.

PROV. iii. 13, &c.

HAPPY's the Man who Wisdom gains,
And to her Heights sublime attains;
Happy is he, and greatly wise,
Who does to GOD by Nature rise.

Not Gold nor Silver can procure
The noble Blessings in her Pow'r;
The richest Merchandise on Earth,
Compar'd with hers, is nothing worth.

The Ruby hides its fiery Blaze,
When Wisdom beams her splendid Rays;
Not Fancy in its boundless Stretch,
Presents a Thing so bright, so rich.

She, as a Queen, her Hands extends,
And with her Gifts invites her Friends;
Riches her Left, and Honour holds,
But Length of Days her Right unfolds.

She has Delights that still rejoice
Him who has made of her his Choice;
Tranquil and pleasant are her Ways,
And a sweet Calm o'erspreads his Days.

She leads direct to Paradise
And the fam'd Tree of Life supplies;
Her Fruits will Joys immortal give,
And all the Cares of Life relieve.

Guided by her, th' Eternal GOD
Founded the Earth, and spread abroad
The spacious Heav'ns, and Bodies vast
To roll in constant Circuit plac'd.

He by his Knowledge Fountains made,
To water and refresh the Glade;
By Him the Clouds are fill'd with Rain,
To nourish Grass, and fill the Grain.



STORIES *taken out of* SCRIPTURE.

A D A M and E V E.

W H E N first the Great Creator, GOD,
Had stretch'd this Universe abroad,
On his conceived Plan,
The Work was glorious, fair; and great,
But yet He thought it incomplete,
Till he had formed Man,

Man He then raised from the Earth,
 This was his low and humble Birth,
 And gave him Paradise;
 Gave him o'er all a Regal Sway,
 And ev'ry Creature must obey,
 And lift to him their Eyes.

A D A M, exalted high in Bliss,
 And circled round with Happiness,
 Had G O D his special Friend;
 Angels his daily Visitors,
 With whom he freely might converse,
 And tell them all his Mind.

But though Delights of ev'ry Sort
 His new created Senses court,
 To taste, to smell, or see;
 Yet still his Heart for Something pants,
 And an Associate he wants
 To share with him his Glee.

Th' A L M I G H T Y, gracious, kind, and good,
 By whom his Wants were understood,
 Creates the beauteous E V E;
 Gives him this amiable Wife,
 The sweet Companion of his Life —
 What more could Goodness give?

Adorn'd with every female Grace,
 Unequall'd since by all her Race,
 In Beauty's Charms complete;
 Awful, majestic was her Mien,
 Coyness unblended with Disdain —
 A lovely chosen Mate!

Such the fair E V E to A D A M came,
 Untainted yet with Guilt or Shame,
 Yet conscious of her Worth,
 Her Hand, tho' not unask'd, she gives;
 His Love, first offer'd, she receives,
 And well maintains her Birth.

When

When he surveys his charming Bride,
His Joys are at the highest Tide,
And blesses God aloud:

" Thanks, my Creator, well I see,

" The kind Regard Thou hast for me,

" In this thy Gift bestow'd.

" This is thy last and best Behest,

" For which thy Name be ever blest;

" Of me she is a Part;

" And all the Bliss thou givest here,

" With this dear Woman will I share;

" From her I'll never part."

In mutual Bliss they pass'd their Time,
Unconscious yet of any Crime;

And Shame had then no Place;

The Blush, which came along with Sin,

Was then a Stranger to the Mien,

Though now 'tis deem'd a Grace.

No ruffling Storms disturb'd their Ease;

No Quarrels broke their nuptial Peace;

No Cold, nor Heat intense;

Calm and serene their happy Skie;

A Waste of Pleasures in their Eye,

And Joys for ev'ry Sense.

O! had they been contented there,

Nor cast their Aim above their Sphere,

Nor Things too high presum'd;

Still had they been the Care of Heav'n,

Nor had from Paradise been driv'n,

To Death and Sorrow doom'd.

One sole Injunction was the Test,

Obey'd, would make them ever-blest,

If broke, would be their Bane;

One Fruit there was, whose fatal Taste

Them from their Happiness would cast,

And all their Glory stain.

Satan,

Satan, our everlasting Foe,
 Hid in a Serpent, wrought their Woe,
 By promis'd Knowledge high ;
 His glozing Words the helpless Eve
 Did in her Innocence believe,
 Nor thought 'twas all a Lie.

ADAM, with stronger Sense endu'd,
 The Tempter could not thus delude ;
 But Love supply'd the Place ;
 He doated on his charming Wife,
 And chose with her or Death or Life,
 Or Honour or Disgrace.

Thus they both lost their Innocence,
 And soon were judg'd for their Offence,
 And heard their final Doom :
 Fair Paradise must be forgot ;
 Labour and Pain their bitter Lot,
 Till Death should bring them Home.

When thus with deep Despair o'er-whelm'd,
 Their gracious Judge their Minds becalm'd,
 Their drooping Spirits cheer'd ;
 He gave them Hopes that One should rise,
 Sprung from their Loins, all good and wise,
 By Heav'n and Earth rever'd.

That Satan, their malicious Foe,
 The Cause of this their Sin and Woe,
 The heinous Deed should rue ;
 Crush'd by the Power of their Seed,
 Vengeance should break his subtil Head,
 And Wrath Divine pursue.

Their Race, though wretched and forlorn,
 That Man, in Future to be born,
 Should raise them to the Skies ;
 By suff'ring Death should give them Life,
 And, having pass'd the mortal Strife,
 Triumphantly should rise.

C A I N

CAIN and ABEL.

THE Death denounc'd on *Adam's Fall*,
And ever since has seiz'd on All,
In pious ABEL first began
To claim its Property in Man.
In him th' offending Parents saw,
With Shame and Grief, the broken Law
Its Vengeance on their Seed exert,
And its Authority assert.

CAIN was their Son the first begot,
And him to till the Ground they taught;
The Curse pronounc'd was Work and Sweat,
By Labour earning what they eat.

CAIN, of a rough and boist'rous Mind,
Nor much to Piety inclin'd,
Wrought in his Tillage, sow'd his Grain,
Chiefly intent upon his Gain.

ABEL, of Nature gentle, mild,
Was born to *Eve* her second Child;
For Contemplation more design'd,
Was turn'd the Genius of his Mind.
To feed the Flock was his Delight,
To tend by Day, and fold by Night;
From Beasts of Prey his Charge to fend,
His ready Aid the Young to lend.

Their Parents on their Minds impress'd
The Fear of God, High, ever Bless'd;
Grateful they must his Goodness own,
In all so eminently shewn.

Of grassy Turf an Altar's rear'd,
Which from their Mother Earth they par'd;
With Care in Order there were laid
The Off'rings which the Brothers made.

CAIN

CAIN took the Sheaves that offer'd first,
 Unmindful whether best or worst;
 His Duty he discharg'd, he thought,
 When he his Offering had brought.

ABEL not so his GOD address'd,
 But cull'd of all his Flocks the best,
 The fattest, choicest of their Kind,
 And offer'd with a willing Mind.

The GOD Omniscient, who discerns
 Whose Heart with true Devotion burns;
 The Hypocrite's Reserves unfolds,
 And his most secret Thoughts beholds;

Knew the morose and surly CAIN,
 His Haughtiness, and proud Disdain,
 And that the Worship which he paid,
 Was merely Form, by Custom made;

But ABEL's Soul was all sincere,
 Inspired with a pious Fear;
 Humble, with Eyes to Heaven cast,
 His Off'ring on the Altar plac'd.

The Deity was pleas'd to see
 His Gratitude and Piety;
 Gave him a Sign demonstrative,
 That He his Off'ring did receive.

This CAIN observ'd with envious Eyes;
 His own unnoted Sacrifice,
 Shew'd that his Brother's was preferr'd,
 And well accepted by the LORD.

Malice and Rage, and Passions foul,
 Take full Possession of his Soul;
 Featur'd his Face with Discontent,
 And with the dire Revenge he meant;

Nor long his Rancour he conceal'd,
 For, as they walked in the Field,
 He with a Stone of mighty Weight,
 At once completes his Brother's Fate.

No

No Eye, he thought, beheld the Deed,
Nor saw his Brother ABEL bleed;
But GOD, whose Knowledge reaches All,
Beheld the righteous ABEL fall.

And soon a strict Account demands
Of ABEL, murder'd by his Hands.
In vain he would evade the Charge,
His Face declares his Crime at large.

Convicted thus, and self-condemn'd,
With Horrors and with Terrors hemm'd,
At last his conscious Guilt he owns,
And miserable State bemoans.

He dreads the Justice to him due,
Fears ev'ry Man will him pursue;
Expos'd to Men, by Heav'n forsook;
Amaz'd, confounded, thunder-struck.

His Judge, benevolent and kind,
Relieves his sad, desponding Mind;
Gives him a Mark, by which 'twas known,
That Vengeance is in GOD alone.



The DELUGE.

WHEN Adam's Race was multiply'd,
And peopled Countries far and wide,
Soon they forgot the GOD of Heav'n,
Tho' he the World to them had giv'n.

Enormous Crimes of ev'ry Kind,
Defac'd the Virtues of the Mind;
And Blood and Rapine fill'd the Earth,
Debasing their celestial Birth.

Th' ALMIGHTY saw the Madness grow,
And all the horrid Deeds below;
Right was no more, and Justice fled,
Oppression reigning in her Stead.

The

The Checks of Conscience broken through,
Men their own sensual Lusts pursue;
By Heav'n and Laws divine unaw'd,
Subsist by Violence and Fraud.

When all the World was wicked round,
NOAH alone was righteous found;
He like a Rock, unshaken, firm,
Maintain'd his Ground amidst the Storm.

Inspired with pious Zeal,
He let them know their Maker's Will;
Repent they must, their Lives amend,
Or, GOD his Judgments soon would send.

They, harden'd in their Vice and Pride,
Mock the good Preacher, and deride
His just Rebukes, and disregard
The Judgments for their Heads prepar'd.

This their audacious Insolence
Escapes not GOD's Omniscience;
Who, to assert his broken Laws,
His dreadful Sword of Vengeance draws,

TO NOAH, GOD his Will reveal'd,
A strong and spacious Ark to build;
For soon a Flood should overwhelm
The Men and Beasts of ev'ry Realm.

None should escape, but all be drown'd,
In whom the Breath of Life was found;
All from the peopled Earth be swept,
Himself, and those with him, except.

The Vessel built, and Rooms prepar'd
For those whose Lives should now be spar'd;
The Beasts and Birds, by Pairs in Haste
Their Safety in the Ark embrac'd.

When all were lodg'd, and safe dispos'd,
The hospitable Door was clos'd;
Confin'd within that narrow Space,
Was all the Brute and Human Race.

For now the Clouds are gather'd round,
Through all the vast extended Bound
Of Heaven's lofty arched Roof,
Of Storms impending direful Proof.

The Waters, lifted thus on high,
Not long suspended in the Skie,
Burst through the Clouds, and down they pour,
In Cataracts, a dreadful Show'r.

From Night to Morn, from Morn to Night,
The Storm continu'd in its Height,
To the full Length of forty Days,
Without one short fair-weather'd Space.

The vast Abyſs was poured forth,
And disembowell'd on the Earth;
Thus, from above and from beneath,
The Waters join'd in instant Death.

O wretched Men! your dismal Fate
You now deplore, alas! too late;
Wild with Astonishment, amaz'd,
Confounded, horribly distress'd!

In vain you climb the tallest Tree,
In vain you to the Mountains flee;
Mountains and Trees no Refuge boast,
Themselves are soon absorb'd and lost.

The Ark in vain you ladder-up,
And lodge upon the ridging Top;
In vain your woful Voices raise,
Not NOAH now can help your Case.

Mercy of Heav'n in vain you pray;
Remember you have had your Day;
Too late you're struck with deep Remorse,
Now Vengeance comes with double Force.

The Measure of your Sins is full,
And you must perish ev'ry Soul:

K

Kings,

Kings, Princes, Subjects, Giants tall,
O'erwhelm'd and delug'd, one and all.

The Flood increases, wide and great,
Above the loftiest Mountain's Height;
The Earth's vast Globe is cover'd o'er
With Sea immense, without a Shore.

Now the huge Monsters of the Deep
Through Palaces of Princes creep;
Sea-calves and Dolphins, Sherks and Seals,
Roam uncontroll'd the tillag'd Fields.

Aloft, upon the Water's Brim,
Behold the freighted Vessel swim;
Though toss'd and roll'd by Winds and Tides,
Safe on the boist'rous Surge it rides.

But when the Waters had fulfill'd
The Bus'ness their Great Ruler will'd,
Obedient to his sov'reign Nod,
Retire by their appointed Road.

Down in the cavern'd Earth they sink,
The Earth receives the copious Drink;
The Hills and Plains again are seen,
Again array'd with chearful Green.

The Clouds dispell'd, again the Sun,
With all his glorious Robings on,
Darts through the World his genial Rays,
And Nature meets his warm Embrace.

NOAH now lands his living Freight,
A Year confin'd in Prison freight;
Peasts to the Field, and Birds to Air,
Blithsome and jocund do repair.

While he, with humble holy Fear,
Does on the Ground an Altar rear;
Offers a Sacrifice of Praise,
And blesses God for all his Grace.

BABEL.



B A B E L.

AMBITION led the Way to Sin,
 And Heaven was its Origin;
Satan a glorious Angel shone,
 Yet aim'd to fill th' **ALMIGHTY's** Throne.

Ambition here on Earth began,
 Soon after **GOD** created Man;
EVE, though with ev'ry Charm complete,
 Wanted a more celestial State.

Her Race, of either Sex, pursue
 The same illimitable View;
 Eager to rise above their Sphere,
 And Things beyond their Nature dare.

NOAH's Descendants, haughty, proud,
 Soon the same Principles avow'd;
 Not satisfy'd with Earthly Pow'r,
 They would the Heights of Heav'n explore.

With Self-conceit and Pride elate,
 Would baffle the Decrees of Fate;
 Vainly presum'd to limit **GOD**,
 And climb above another Flood.

At least would raise themselves a Name
 By some vast Monument of Fame,
 Which should to future Ages shew,
 What their Great Ancestors could do.

The Tribes are summon'd out of hand,
 And round their Chiefs attentive stand;
 The Chiefs explain their Scheme and Cause,
 The Tribes receive it with Applause.

All Hands aloft, to work in haste
 They go to build the Tower vast;

Bricks they prepare, and strong Cement,
Ever to last was their Intent.

The broad Foundation then was laid,
Firm, durable as Rock 'twas made;
The Plan was spacious, square, and wide,
A Furlong measur'd ev'ry Side.

The Works advance, the Walls arise,
To monstrous Height by quick Degrees;
And well they might, when all Mankind
In this huge Labour were combin'd.

Pyramidal the Fabrick stands,
And a vast Prospect round commands;
Capacious Rooms, and arch'd o'er,
Contains for State, or for their Store.

A spacious Stair-case, serpentine,
In rising Circles did entwine
The Building, carried to the Top,
Design'd for Carriage down and up.

At length it rose to such a Height,
To reach it pain'd the dazled Sight;
Its bold and lofty Summit shrouds,
Viewless almost, among the Clouds.

GOD, from his high Empyrean Throne,
Who sees what through the World is done,
Th' advancing Tow'r with Anger view'd,
And what the Pride of Man pursu'd.

Indignant heard, from ev'ry Voice,
Them in their mighty Work rejoice;
Fix'd in their Purpose, nothing could,
But Pow'r Divine, their Works controul.

To check Ambition in its Flight,
And render fruitless vain Conceit,
See with what Ease th' ALMIGHTY can
Baffle the Stratagems of Man.

He

He wills — and lo! a final Stop
Is put to their imagin'd Hope;
Their Pride is dash'd — unfinish'd stands
The Work amidst ten thousand Hands.

Th' ALMIGHTY, minding to confound
The Builders, and their Work renown'd,
A Spirit of Confusion sends,
Which their vast Project soon suspends.

Astonishment and wild Amaze,
Instant was seen in ev'ry Face;
A Gabble, never heard before,
Caus'd a strange Hubbub and Uproar.

A Hodd of Bricks here one demands —
A Pitch-fork's offer'd to his Hands.
Mortar another wants in haste —
To him a Bag of Nails is pass'd.

A Plumb-line! — one bawls out aloud,
But, as he is not understood,
A Trowel's given, or a Spade,
Or Tool of quite another Trade.

Aloof observ'd the Angelic Throng
The Brabble of their broken Tongue;
The Hurly-burly 'mong the Crew
Was Mirth enough for them to view.

Friendship and Neighbourhood destroy'd,
No more among them are enjoy'd;
Compell'd, they break their Intercourse,
As Strangers part without Remorse.

Each, with his Family in Hand,
Travels to seek some distant Land;
For though at large Distraction reign'd,
Yet in each House one Tongue remain'd.

Thus did wise Providence disperse
Mankind through all the Universe;

Peopled the various Regions round,
 Cities to build, and Empires found.
 Thus was Ambition from her Throne,
 And tow'ring Project tumbled down;
 And human Policy here met
 A most astonishing Defeat.



The Destruction of S O D O M.

GREAT GOD! how wonderful thy Ways!
 Thy Judgments glorious as thy Grace!
 How base is Man, how void of Shame,
 Whom Grace nor Judgments can reclaim!

The righteous *Abraham* behold,
 In Faith and Piety grown old,
 How earnestly he pleads with GOD,
 To drop his Sin-avenging Rod!

Goodness Divine, how infinite!
 How low It condescends to treat
 With the good Patriarch, to screen
 From Wrath Divine a Sink of Sin:

Such *Sodom* was, though *Lot* was there,
 As by th' Event did soon appear;
 Not one was there besides, for whom
 The ALMIGHTY could defer their Doom.

Two Angels in the Street appear,
 Like beauteous Youths, divinely fair;
 Strangers they seem'd of nobler Birth
 Than were the common Sons of Earth.

Their noble Port, and heav'nly Mein,
 By good old *Lot* were quickly seen;
 With pleasant hospitable Brow,
 He greets them, with a lowly Bow.

My

' My Lords, said he, pray don't refuse
 ' The Offer of my humble House ;
 ' Refresh yourselves with me To-night,
 ' You may proceed at Morning-light.'

Friend, said the Strangers, pray forbear,
 For us you take a needless Care,
 We for ourselves can well provide,
 And in the Street we shall abide.

But gen'rous *Lot*, whose friendly Soul
 Not one Denial could controul,
 Urges his humble Suit again,
 Nor does he urge his Suit in vain.

They smile Consent——away he goes,
 And gladly leads them to his House ;
 A Feast prepares with busy Haste,
 Cheerful they take of the Repast.

Both were refreshed with their Cheer,
 Well-pleased, though 'twas earthly Fare ;
 To mutual Talk they condescend,
 And thus their Evening they spend.

The Hour of Rest approaching near,
 A strange, outrageous Noise they hear,
 The House they soon perceiv'd beset
 With a vast Concourse, Small and Great.

Some of the lewdest of the Croud,
 Call upon *Lot* with Voices loud :
 ' Bring forth the Men——their Faces show,
 ' That their choice Persons we may know.'

When *Lot* had heard their vile Request,
 Astonishment his Looks confess ;
 Yet, to appease the Riot, must
 Himself alone among them trust.

The Door he passes, shuts again,
 When, in a mild and friendly Strain,

To softest Words he frames his Tongue,
And thus bespeaks the boist'rous Throng.

- Why, my dear Brethren, will you sin,
- Against my worthy Guests within?
- As Strangers they Protection claim,
- And Heav'n defends, the sacred Name.
- And Heaven's Wrath I may expect,
- If to my Pow'r, I not protect,
- Those who in me have put their Trust----
- To wrong them! — what is more unjust?
- Yet if your Passions are on Fire,
- And you must gratify Desire,
- Lo, my two Virgin-daughters shall
- Immediately be at your Call!

But this uncommon Offer suits
Not with the Gusts of shameless Brutes;
And, what their Passion should assuage,
Does but the more inflame their Rage.

With Insults rude, they now abuse
The righteous *Lot*, and him accuse,
That, though a Sojourner, he'd fain
Their Judge and sole Dictator reign.

But his Mistake he soon should know,
Ay, and should suffer for it too;
For worse they'd deal with him than those
He had protected in his House.

With Violence they forward press,
Resolv'd they will his Person seize;
But the good Angels, from within,
Reach'd forth their Hands, and pull'd him in.

Lot thus secur'd from threaten'd Harm;
The Angels now for Vengeance arm,
And smite the wicked Wretches blind,
Who had such horrid Things design'd.

But

But though so sensible a Stroke,
Of Wrath awaken'd, on them broke;
Yet still they grope to find the Door,
With as much Madness as before.

Ah! Wretches, why pursue a Deed,
By GOD and Nature both forbid!
Such monstrous Crimes, be you assur'd,
By Heav'n not long will be endur'd.

Convinc'd by Demonstration clear,
The Angels will no longer spare,
But their Commission execute,
And from the Earth these Monsters root.

But mindful of their pious Host,
That he and his should not be lost,
Bid him go forth, his Kindred seek,
And warn them of th' impending Wreck.

The dreadful Ruin that would come,
And instantly must be their Doom,
Unless the Storm they did avert,
And presently with him depart.

His Message told, they ridicule
The Dreamings of the doting Fool;
For so they term'd his pious Care,
And laugh'd to see his boding Fear.

At length the cheerful Morning rose,
Yet big with most tremendous Woes;
Sodom no more the glorious Sun,
With genial Rays, shall shine upon.

For now on Lot, with ardent Eyes,
The Angels look, and bid him rise,
And take his Daughters and his Wife,
And speed away to save his Life.

Lot, trembling, knew not what to say,
Or safely how to get away;

But

But while he's musing, at a Strand,
The Angel takes him by the Hand ;
Him and his Family they lead
Out of the Place with utmost Speed ;
Then bid him haste with all his Might,
And 'scape the Danger by his Flight.

He must not stop in all the Plain,
Nor turn his Head to look again ;
But to the Mountains get away,
Destruction would attend Delay.

Lot was amaz'd and terrify'd :

' My good and gracious Lord, he cry'd,
' Impose not, pray, so hard a Task,
' But grant the Favour that I ask.

' From hence too far the Mountain stands,
' And in obeying thy Commands,
' By Death or other Evil cross'd,
' Thy kind Indulgence will be lost.

' *Zoar* is near, a little Town,
' And we can reach it very soon ;
' O spare it then, for me, my Lord,
' An Asylum it will afford.

' This too is granted,' thus reply'd
His merciful and guardian Guide ;
' But haste, for know 'tis thy Delay,
' That only does my Vengeance stay.'

Lot says no more, but moves apace,
To reach in Time the happy Place ;
He and his Daughters thither come,
And so escape the gen'ral Doom.

Not so his Wife, whose curious Mind
Prompts her to see what's done behind,
Strictly forbid, and for her Fault
Stands fix'd a Monument of Salt.

And

And now the Sun his Visage shrouds
Behind the ruddy, gather'd Clouds;
The Thunder mutters from afar,
And roars as it approaches near.

The Wind, with a sulphureous Blast,
First o'er the destin'd Region past;
Scarce could the Stench these Wretches bear,
Though but the Prelude to their Fear.

For now, O horrible to Thought!
The Clouds with Fire and Sulphur fraught,
Drove in a Tempest, down they pour
A dire, tremendous, flaming Show'r,

Right on those impious Heads it fell,
Prepar'd already for their Hell;
Their burning Lusts now meets a Flame
That only could their Raging tame,

Cities, and Men, and Beasts, alike,
These furious Flames with Ruin strike;
A dismal Spectacle they make,
For all the Land's one burning Lake!

And may their Fate those Sinners share,
Who neither GOD nor Nature fear,
But dare Creatioⁿ's Ends pervert,
And with its sacred Order sport,



JOSEPH and his Brethren.

JACOB, with Famine forely press'd,
And his whole Family distress'd,
The Country desolate, forlorn,
To Egypt sends his Sons for Corn.

When there arriv'd themselves they shew,
And to the Ruler humbly bow,

Who

Who knew them well, but they not him,
On which his Thoughts suggest a Scheme.

His ormer Dreams he call'd to Mind,
Their Usage of him how unkind;
For which he now resolves to try,
If he their Pride can mortify.

Fiercely he casts on them his Eyes,
And roughly tells them, they are Spies;
In vain their Honesty they plead,
To Prison they are all convey'd.

Three Days in Prison they remain,
When *Josepb* sends for them again;
Tells them, ' That, though he seem'd severe,
' He did the GOD of Heaven fear.

' This Trial I will make of you,
' Whether you are honest Men and true;
' One of you shall a Pris'ner be,
' Till you return again to me.

' Your younger Brother, now at Home,
' Must be with you whener'e you come;
' Without him (mind what I declare)
' Before me you shall not appear.'

Conscience, awaken'd at the Time,
Condemn'd them for their former Crime,
When they their Hearts, with Fury fill'd,
Against their weeping Brother steel'd.

' Justice, said they, her Rod displays,
' And this Affliction on us lays;
' And, as we would no Pity shew,
' Unpitied we must suffer now.'

Said *Reuben*, ' Did I not advise
' To spare the Child, and hear his Cries?
' Your Cruelty is now pursu'd
' And Heav'n requires of you his Blood.'

Josepb

Joseph beheld their piteous Plight,
And was much troubled at the Sight;
All that they said, he heard and knew,
But will his purpos'd Scheme pursue.

Simeon he binds before their Eyes,
And then his Pleasure signifies,
To load their Beasts, and send them back,
With each his Money in his Sack.

Dismiss'd from thence, to *Canaan* they
Direct their solitary Way;
With heavy Hearts they travel on,
And their hard Fate together moan.

Now to their Father they are got,
With all the Corn and News they brought;
The News was grievous to be told,
Yet the whole Scene they must unfold.

Their Story *Jacob's* Mind perplex'd,
And his best Counsel quite distracts:
Corn he must have, yet has no Heart
With his dear *Benjamin* to part.

Much he his wayward Fate bewail'd,
But dire Necessity prevail'd;
Long with his Sons in vain he strove
To keep the Object of his Love.

Nothing remains but to procure
Favour from *Egypt's* Governor;
To him a Present *Jacob* sends,
And then to GOD his Son commends.

The Brethren strait to *Egypt* go,
Present themselves, and bowed low
To their Great Brother, yet unknown,
Who soon espies his Mother's Son.

Joseph was pleas'd, but kept his State,
Nor of his Grandeur would abate.

But held them to their Reverence,
Till he had gain'd his purpos'd Ends.

Then his domestic Manager
He charges with his Brethren's Care ;
Bids him to take them Home, for they
Should at his Table dine to-day.

When there arriv'd, in great Surprize,
They scarce believe their wondring Eyes ;
But, terrify beyond Degree,
Themselves all Slaves already see.

For so their troubled Minds suggest,
Nor would their Terrors give them Rest ;
Till by the Steward satisfy'd,
Their great Anxieties subside.

Their Father's Present they prepare,
Ready to give the Governor ;
Themselves they wash'd, and nearly clean'd,
Hoping their Fears were at an End.

But now the Governor is come,
Who must decide their dreaded Doom ;
Once more they bow themselves before
His Presence, and his Grace implore.

Joseph, no longer now severe,
Assumes a friendly placid Air ;
Kindly demands if they are well,
And hopes no Ill had them beset.

• The good old Man, your Father too,
• Is he alive, and well to do ?
• Does Health attend his rev'rend Age,
• Which may its Maladies assuage ?

With humble Gesture they reply'd,
• Thy Servant has no Ills beside ;
• Lis Life and Health go hand-in-hand,
• And he's, my Lord, at your Command.

Then

Then turning to young *Benjamin*,
 As if by him that Moment seen ;
 ' Is this the Youth, he cries, you said,
 ' The Youngest that your Father had ?
 ' My Son, may the Almighty bless
 ' Thee with all Kinds of Happiness! —
 He could no more — for Nature now
 Prevails, and Tears begin to flow.

So great was his fraternal Love,
 So strongly did his Passions move,
 That, to indulge with fuller Scope,
 He to his Chamber hastens up.

There his Affections could dilate,
 And there at large could ruminate
 On the strange Works of Providence,
 Above the Reach of human Sense.

When thus he'd giv'n his Passions Vent,
 And a whole Flood of Tears had spent,
 His wonted Gravity assumes,
 And to his Brethren down he comes.

The Tables spread, he sat at one,
 And for his Grandeur sat alone ;
 The Brethren were arrang'd in Place,
 Each as his proper Birth-right was.

This a new Wonder in them rais'd,
 But down they sat, though much amaz'd ;
 Each had a Mess from *Joseph* sent —
 To *Benjamin* the largest went.

Chearful they eat, th' enliv'ning Bowl
 Goes round, and gladdens ev'ry Soul ;
 Their Tongues, now set at Liberty,
 To Mirth and Jollity are free.

But though you're jocund and alert,
 Yet you must feel another Smart ;

Your Crime, of old, has not been purg'd,
For which again you must be scourg'd.

Joseph his Steward thus directs :

‘ With Corn unmeasur’d fill their Sacks ;
‘ Put each his Money in the Top,
‘ And in the Youngest’s hide my Cup.’

This done, at Morning’s breaking Day,
They’re call’d upon and sent away ;
Chearful their Journey they begin,
Rejoic’d at what they’d heard and seen.

But long they had not been dismiss’d,
And from their Fears, they thought, releas’d,
But *Joseph* bids his Steward post
After the Men, and thus accost :

‘ Wretches ! is’t thus you do reward
‘ The gen’rous Kindness of my Lord ?
‘ Could you believe he could not know
‘ How such a precious Thing should go ?
‘ Could nothing serve your Avarice,
‘ But his own Cup, of such a Price ?
‘ Wherein he drinks, by which divines
‘ The Actors of such base Designs ?’

The Steward, thus instructed, makes
All Haste, and quickly overtakes
The Brethren as along they walk’d,
And of their past Adventures talk’d.

In the same Words he them address’d,
His Lord to him his Charge express’d,
And, with a magisterial Air,
Enforces with a Look severe.

A vast Surprise in all appears,
Scarce credit their astonish’d Ears :
‘ Why should thy Lord, said they, accuse
‘ His Servants of so vile Abuse ?

‘ The

' The GoD, whose Worshippers we are,
 ' Whose awful Name we do revere,
 ' By his most holy Law forbids
 ' Such base, such execrable Deeds.

' What Ground there is for such Surmise.
 ' Let this one Proof, we pray, suffice ;
 ' The Money, cover'd in our Sacks,
 ' We brought again, to save Mistakes,

' To Reason then we must appeal,
 ' If we are capable to steal ;
 ' Or we should rob thy noble Lord—
 ' Sure nothing can be more absurd !

' For, conscious of our Innocence,
 ' Let him who's guilty of th' Offence,
 ' Death suffer as his righteous Doom,
 ' And thy Lord's Servants we'll become !

To this the Steward soon agreed,
 ' That he who's guilty of the Deed,
 ' A Slave in Bonds should ever be,
 ' The rest enjoy their Liberty.'

Their Asses quickly they unload,
 And lay their Sacks along the Road ;
 With trembling Hands the Work's begun,
 Op'ning the Mouth of ev'ry one.

At length, to close the doubtful Scene,
 They finish with young *Benjamin* ;
 And, to their infinite Surprise,
 The Cup falls out before their Eyes.

Amaz'd, confounded, Horror-struck,
 Was ev'ry Brother's down-cast Look ;
 Such was their vast Astonishment,
 In wild Despair their Cloaths they rent,

Instant they load their Beasts again,
 Reflection now is all in vain ;

To *Joseph's* Presence back they come
There to receive their final Doom.

Prostrate they fall upon the Ground,
If so some Favour might be found;
He stately and majestic stood,
And rates their soul Ingratitude.

- Were you so foolish to suppose,
- That I, who Nature's Secrets knows,
- Could long be ignorant who stole
- My wonderful divining Bowl?

Judab stood up, his Brethren's Mouth,
Confess'd the melancholy Truth;
Themselves from Guilt they could not clear,
So evidently made appear.

Allows the Crime sufficient Cause
T' inflict the Rigour of the Laws;
His rightful Slaves themselves confess'd,
The Felon too amongst the rest.

- Joseph* replies, 'Now GOD forbid
• I should commit so foul a Deed!
• Let him who's guilty here remain,
• You to your Father go again.'

When *Joseph* had declar'd his Mind,
That *Benjamin* must stay behind,
Judab, with anxious Cares oppress'd,
Thus the dread Governor address'd.

- Great Sir, vouchsafe, I humbly pray,
- A gracious Ear to what I say;
- Thy Power is as *Pharaoh's* great,
- Yet *Pharaoh* sits in Mercy's Seat.
- My Lord was pleas'd, when heretofore
- We came your Blessing to implore,
- To ask if we a Father had,
- Or he another Son, a Lad?

• We

' We gave my Lord an Answer plain,
 ' Our Father lives, an antient Man ;
 ' We truly said, he had a Son,
 ' A dear and darling little one.
 ' His Brother died long ago,
 ' His Mother bore them only Two ;
 ' His Father's Life is wrapp'd in his,
 ' The only Pleasure of his Eyes.
 ' My Lord, you then declar'd your Will,
 ' Which you enjoind us to fulfil,
 ' That we should bring our Brother down,
 ' For you must see this darling Son.
 ' On which we humbly then declar'd
 ' The sad Effects we really fear'd,
 ' That, should we take away his Son,
 ' His Father would for ever moan.
 ' But this Excuse, though very true,
 ' My Lord, you would not then allow,
 ' But solemnly assur'd, unless
 ' He came, we should not see your Face,
 ' This to our Father we declar'd,
 ' In Terms express as we had heard ;
 ' And he, when we had spent our Store,
 ' Bid us return again for more.
 ' We said, We're ready to obey,
 ' Nor shall we make the least Delay,
 ' If you your Son to send agree,
 ' Without, the Man we must not see.
 ' Our Father, grieved, thus reply'd,
 ' What Evils do my Age betide ?
 ' Two Sons, you know, to me were born,
 ' By my dear Wife, whom still I mourn.
 ' The one by Beasts of Prey was tore,
 ' For never could I see him more ;

' Should

- Should me of This some Ill bereave,
- I shall go mourning to my Grave.
- You see, my Lord, my great Concern,
- For should thy Servant back return,
- My Brother not, what Woes I dread,
- Will fall upon my Father's Head !
- The dismal Sight how shall I bear,
- When he his rev'rend Locks shall tare ?
- How shall I see my Father die,
- Conscious the only Cause am I ?
- For on my Faith I him assur'd,
- And he believ'd my solemn Word,
- Safely to him I'd bring the Youth,
- Or forfeit all Pretence to Truth.
- O let Relief my Prayer gain,
- And let me here thy Slave remain ;
- The Lad from hence dismiss, I pray,
- And with his Brethren send away.
- My Father's Face how shall I see,
- The Lad, expected, not with me ?
- His Sharp Reproach how shall I bear !
- What dreadful Evils do I fear !

Nature, now worked to a Pitch,
 No longer could support the Stretch ;
 His struggling Passions, long suppress'd,
Joseph, at length, aloud confess'd.

His Heart is rent with bursting Sighs.
 And Tears are flooding in his Eyes ;
 Those of his House, in Presence there,
 He bids that Instant disappear.

The Room immediately they quit,
 To this last Scene he'd none admit,
 While the great Secret he discharg'd,
 That strongly press'd to be enlarg'd,

And

And now he gives his Passion Vent,
Which in his Breast had long been pent :
' O GOD of Heav'n, aloud he cries,
' How infinitely good and wise !'

Then to his Brethren thus he speaks,
(With Tears still streaming down his Cheeks,
And Sighs, which still his Bosom heave,)
' I'm *Josepb* — Does my Father live ?'

They in Astonishment are fix'd,
With wild tumultuous Thoughts perplex'd ;
His Words so much distract their Minds,
Not one of them an Answer finds.

Josepb their mighty Dread perceives,
But instantly their Fears relieves ;
Bid 'em come near, while he reveal'd
What long had been from them conceal'd.

' *Josepb*, in me, you here behold,
' Whom you, a Slave, to *Egypt* sold ;
' Yet be not griev'd for what you've done,
' 'Twas GOD directed it alone.

' He knew the Famine he would send,
' What dire Effects would it attend ;
' Two Years of which had only past,
' Five more's to come — so long 'twill last.

' No ripen'd Harvests shall arise
' The while, to bless your longing Eyes ;
' But GOD, his Chosen to preserve,
' Kindly resolv'd they should not starve.

' Me he has made an Instrument,
' Your sad Destruction to prevent,
' To save you from this dreadful Dearth,
' Which he has sent to plague the Earth.

' Guided by Him I hither came,
' And ever praised be his Name !

' With

- ‘ With Splendor He has me array’d,
- ‘ To *Pharaoh* has a Father made.
- ‘ Empow’r’d by whom, I rule the Land,
- ‘ With a like sovereign Command ;
- ‘ His House I govern as I please,
- ‘ And all his Servants me address.
- ‘ Now to your Father quickly go,
- ‘ And these glad Tidings let him know ;
- ‘ From me this joyful Message bear,
- ‘ And tell in his attentive Ear.
- “ *Joseph*, thy Son, has GOD preferr’d,
- “ And made him *Egypt*’s mighty Lord,
- “ Who begs you’ll come without Delay,
- “ Let nothing there prolong your Stay.
- “ In *Goshen* thou and thine shall dwell,
- “ And all the Seed of *Israel* ;
- “ There, near at hand, I’ll nourish you,
- “ And feed your Flocks and Cattle too.
- “ For know five Years there yet remain,
- “ That shall produce no Sort of Grain ;
- “ Haste and preserve thy Family,
- “ From such a sad Calamity.”
- ‘ You, and my Brother *Benjamin*,
- ‘ Me your lost *Joseph* now have seen ;
- ‘ From my own Mouth you all have heard
- ‘ The wondrous Things I have declar’d.
- ‘ You to my Father shall relate
- ‘ My glorious and exalted State ;
- ‘ What your own Eyes have seen declare —
- ‘ Tell him I long to see him here.

This having said, he wept agen
 Strictly embracing *Benjamin*,
 His Brother him, their mutual Love
 With ardent Emulation strove.

Then

Then all affectionately kiss'd,
 His Tears his Love sincere express'd :
 When thus he'd eas'd his burden'd Mind,
 In social Talk with them he join'd.



DAVID and BATHSHEBA.

DAVID with *Ammon* much incens'd
 For high Affronts, a War commenc'd,
Joab his General he sends,
 Charg'd to chastise their Insolence.

The King at Home at Ease remains,
 Nor ventures on the sanguine Plains ;
 Free from the Fury of his Foes,
 Indulges, indolent, Repose.

One Ev'ning, rising from his Bed,
 Wher from the Heat he screen'd his Head,
 Up to his Terrass he ascends,
 To walk, and feel the breezing Winds.

There, as he cast around his Eyes,
 At a clear Fountain he espies
 A Woman, naked, bathing near,
 With Skin and Features passing fair.

David, enamour'd with her Charms,
 Longs to embrace her in his Arms ;
 But e're he'll quench his am'rous Fires,
 First who the Lady was enquires.

He's told, she was *Uriah's* Dame,
 The lovely *Bathsheba* by Name :
 A Messenger's dispatch'd to bring
 This beauteous Lady to the King.

She, nothing loth, to him is brought,
 Proud of an Honour so unsought ;

Think;

Thinks she is favour'd with a Grace,
That a Great King will her embrace.

But Pleasures, so unlawful, bring,
Mix'd with their Sweets, a latent Sting;
And *Bathsheba* is pregnant grown,
Which to the World would soon be known.

Frighten'd to Death with the Disgrace,
She lets him know her fearful Case;
Hopes, for her * Life and Honour's Sake,
He will some speedy Measures take.

David, awaken'd from his Trance,
And dreading such a foul Mischance,
Sees there's no Time to spend in Waste.
So for *Uriah* sends in Haste.

By *Joab* instantly dismiss'd
Home he returns, and is caress'd
By *David*, who demands to know
How *Joab* and the Army do?

Bids him retire to his House,
Refresh himself, awhile repose;
Farther, his Kindness to express,
Sends him a comfortable Mess.

But the rough Warrior minds not Ease,
Nor cares his Appetite to please;
But an hard Lodging with the Guard,
To his own Wife and Bed preferr'd.

Soon as the King the Story hears,
He rounds *Uriah* in his Ears,
' From a long Journey thou art come,
' And wilt not rest thyself at Home?'

The brave *Uriah* thus reply'd:
' *Israel* and *Judab* now abide

In

* Adultery was punished with Death by the *Mosaic* Law.

' In open Field, and *Joab's* there,
 ' The Ark besides, which all revere ;
 ' Shall I, so vastly less than these,
 ' Indulge myself at Home in Ease ?
 ' Shall I forget their dread Alarms,
 ' And melt myself in female Charms ?
 ' No, God forbid ! eternal Shame
 ' For ever blast my hated Name,
 ' If from my Duty once I flinch,
 ' Or from their Hardships shrink an Inch.'

The King, though secretly he pin'd,
 Yet hides the Torture of his Mind ;
 Bids him to wait another Day,
 And he'll dispatch him then away.

David, thus failing in his Scheme,
 Will try another Stratagem.
 With Wine he plies him then amain,
 Till he intoxicates his Brain.

But drunk and sober he's the same,
 No Blemish shall deface his Fame ;
 He with his Shield supports his Head,
 And with the Guard he makes his Bed.

Could *David* see, and not revere,
 Virtues so excellent and rare ?
 He did ; but Passions base and foul
 Had quite enveloped his Soul.

Next Morning he is up betimes
 To prosecute his horrid Crimes ;
 A vile, ungen'rous Letter writes
 To *Joab*, which he thus indites :

' *Uriah*, 'tis my Will, you post
 ' Where the fierce Battle rages most ;
 ' And, when engag'd, from him retire,
 ' That in the Combat he expire.'

M

Uriah.

Uriah is the Messenger
That must the fatal Letter bear ;
Whose guilty Lines command a Crime,
Scarce found in the Records of Time.

Joab his Orders soon obey'd,
And brave *Uriah* is betray'd ;
Yet fell with Glory and Applause——
He died in his Country's Cause.

Joab dispatches one in haste
To tell the King of all had past ;
' What bad Success his Measures cross'd,
' And many of his Men had lost.

' If the King's Anger should arise,
' And Fury lighten in his Eyes ;
' Our hardy Rashness should resent,
' And thus his high Displeasure vent.'

" What Madness to approach the Walls,
" Where Death in stony Showers falls !
" You know who was at *Thebez* kill'd,
" With Fragment of a Mill-stone fell'd.

" Why of your Lives so little Care ?
" Why Death so desperately dare ?"
' When he has done, do you proceed,
' And say, *Uriah* too is dead !

The Messenger to *David* brought
The Tidings as he had been taught ;
That from the Walls huge stones they threw,
And many kill'd—*Uriah* too.

The King reply'd——' Tell *Joab* this,
' He must not vex at bad Success ;
' The Sword destroys without Remorse,
' The Brave and Base alike devours.

' Let not the Accidents of War,
' His Courage damp, or slack his Care ;

' But

' But rather spur him bravely on,
 ' Till Victory his Labours crown.
 ' Stronger than yet his Battle make,
 ' And stoutly give the bold Attack,
 ' The Walls he soon will overthrow,
 ' And quickly tame the haughty Foe.'

Thus all seem'd right — *Uriah's* Wife
 Seiz'd, to be sure, with mighty Grief,
 A Shew of formal Mourning wears,
 And in her Sables sad appears.

And that her Grief might real seem,
 Her weeping Tokens wore the Time ;
 But not an Hour longer mourns,
 But into Joy her Sorrow turns.

For, by the Living, 'tis agreed,
 And not the Dead, in Life we speed ;
 Her Royal Lover takes her Home,
 And she a joyful Bride's become.

And *David*, of her Charms possess'd,
 Thought he was infinitely bless'd :
 But know thou hast displeas'd thy God,
 Who'll scourge thee with his angry Rod.



SOLOMON and the two Harlots.

DAVID deceas'd, young *Solomon*,
 Anointed, takes the royal Throne ;
 With Wisdom furnish'd, more than Man
 Was ever bless'd, his Reign began.

Two Harlots for his Judgment press,
 And beg he will decide their Case ;
 Their Grievance they explain at large,
 And thus the first begins her Charge.

- This Woman, please your Majesty,
- Lives in a House along with me ;
- We by ourselves together were,
- No other human Creature near.
- One Night, as we were both alone,
- I was deliver'd of a Son ;
- And three Nights after I was laid,
- She of a Son was brought to-bed.
- She in her Sleep, at Dead of Night,
- O'erlaid and kill'd her Child outright ;
- For which her Grief no Doubt was great,
- And made her think on this Deceit.
- For softly to my Bed she crept,
- While with my Child I soundly slept ;
- Stole it away, and in its stead
- Laid in my Arms the Infant dead.
- When Morning came, the Babe I took,
- Offer'd the Breast to give it suck,
- When, O Astonishment ! behold,
- The Child I held was dead and cold !
- But when I had consider'd well
- How this unlucky Chance befel,
- And what the Features of my Son,
- I was convinc'd 'twas not my own.
- And when I saw the living Child,
- Soon I perceiv'd myself beguil'd ;
- Loud I exclaim'd against the Cheat,
- And for my own I challeng'd it.
- The other Harlot made Reply,
- What thou affirmest is a Lie ;
- The Living Child is surely mine,
- The Dead as certainly is thine.
- ¶ It is not so, the other said,
- The Living's mine, and thine the Dead :
- Dread

- Dread Sov'reign, pray, me Justice do,
- And let me not be wronged so.

Neither a Witness could produce,
For none beside were in the House;
A puzzling Case, as all must own,
No Precedent for it was known.

The King, to end this strange Dispute,
And Justice with his Sentence suit,
The Pow'rs of Nature means to try,
If so he can the Truth descry.

- To put an End to this Debate,
- Which seems, said he, so intricate,
- Bring here a Sword, the Child divide,
- And thus the Matter I'll decide.
- Since both of you your Claim assert,
- And will not from your Right depart,
- The Child, when it is cut in Two,
- One Half I'll give to each of you.

She, who the real Mother was,
No sooner heard the Sentence pass,
But with affectionate Concern,
For her dear Son, her Bowels yern.

With Tears she cries, ' Most gracious Lord,
• Recal, I pray, thy dreadful Word;
• O give to her the living Child,
• Let not the Innocent be kill'd!

The other Harlot, unconcern'd,
Her cruel Answer thus return'd,
• I in the righteous Sentence join,
• So 'twill be neither mine nor thine.

The King, when he their Pleas had heard,
His Mind of every Doubt was clear'd;
And now to Judgment he proceeds
Which finally he thus arreeds:

- Give her the Child, so I ordain,
- Who could not bear to see it slain,
- Who has express'd such Tenderness,
- For she the real Mother is.

This Judgment soon the People heard,
And greatly their young King rever'd;
Pleas'd they discern his Royal Mind
With Wisdom from above refin'd.



MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS of the Lives, Sufferings, and
Deaths of the APOSTLES and EVANGE-
LISTS, not recorded in the NEW TESTAMENT,
but collected from Antient History.

St. PETER.

ST. PETER, fill'd with holy Zeal,
Obedient to his Master's Will,
Incessant strives with all his Might,
Wide to diffuse the Gospel-Light.

Simon, the Sorcerer, was vers'd
In all those Arts by Heav'n curs'd;
By Hell inspir'd, by Satan taught,
And to delude the People wrought.

Rome was the Theatre whereon
He play'd his Pranks, his Tricks were shewn;
Nature, he said, was at his Nod,
And he himself the Son of GOD.

With Arrogance and Pride elate,
Boasts he can alter fixed Fate;
Vaunts that the Dead his Call obey,
Whom he restores to Life and Day.

Just at that Time, so Heaven pleas'd,
A Man of Nero's Court deceas'd;
Simon is glad, for now he'll shew,
What mighty Feats his Art can do.

A Challenge he to PETER gives,
Which PETER chearfully receives;
Both on their Cause are so intent,
Each stakes his Life on the Event;

That

That his, which should the Dead restore,
Should be confess'd th' Almighty Pow'r;
That in th' Attempt whoever fail'd,
To Death immediate should be hal'd.

Simon first acts his Magic Part,
And by the Power of his Art,
The Dead lifts up his Hands and Eyes —
A Victory! strait *Simon* cries.

PETER, who at a Distance saw,
Bid *Simon* from the Bed withdraw;
Which done, the Dead no more expands
His actuated Eyes and Hands.

Then **PETER**, with an humble Air,
Address'd himself to **GOD** in Prayer;
Begs He would vindicate his Name,
And bring the Devil's Works to Shame.

His Pray'r is heard, and he's assur'd,
That Life shall be by him restor'd;
Then with his Voice he calls aloud
To him laid cover'd with a Shroud:

" Man on whom Death his Seal has fix'd,
" Whose Corpse with Dust should soon be mix'd,
" Arise, come forth——'tis Christ's Command,
" And on thy Feet in Vigour stand."

PETER these Words no sooner said,
But the dead Man as soon obey'd;
Instant he leap'd from off the Bed,
And Death and all its Shadows fled.

The People, who beheld the Fact,
At once the Sorcerer attack'd;
The Wretch resolve to sacrifice,
For his delusive impious Lies.

But **PETER**, of his Master's Mind,
To Mercy ever most inclin'd,

Tells

Tells 'em that Life, with this Disgrace,
Is worse than Death in *Simon's* Case.

Yet this Defeat but whets the more
Simon his Credit to restore ;
Buoy'd by the Devil, tries again
His Magic in another Strain.

" Such Proof he'll give to human Sense,
" Of his assum'd Omnipotence,
" That all Mankind, oblig'd, should own,
" He was the Son of GOD alone."
" He boasts that in their open Sight,
" To Heaven he would take a Flight ;
" Wheel'd, like *Elijah*, through the Air,
" In a most glorious fiery Carr."

The People, in a vast Amaze,
Behold the flaming Chariot blaze ;
Mounting aloft they see him rise,
And whirling swiftly to the Skies.

PETER and PAUL, who stood aloof,
Saw the Delusion plain enough ;
And in most humble Manner pray,
" That GOD his Power would display ;

" Beg that some Token he would give,
" As might the People undeceive ;
" Regard the Honour of his SON,
" So impiously trampled on."

Their Pray'rs are heard, and GOD commands
The Demons to withdraw their Hands ;
That Instant to their Flight they take,
And the vile Sorcerer forsake.

Down from his Height he falls at once,
With bruised Flesh and broken Bones ;
Death quickly seiz'd the daring Wight,
And shut his Eyes in endless Night.

Nero soon hears of *Simon's* Fate,
And vows **Revenge** at any Rate;
With **PETER** will severely deal,
For striking dumb his Oracle.

The Church, of *Nero's* Will appriz'd,
The good Apostle strait advis'd,
That for a-while, at their Desire,
He from the Danger would retire.

PETER, admonish'd, speeds his Flight,
During the Stilness of the Night;
The watch and Gate, in mighty Haste,
And ev'ry Danger he had pass'd.

Sudden he meets upon the Road,
One whom he thought the **SON OF GOD**,
Whom still he own'd, and always lov'd,
Tho' from his Sight to Heav'n remov'd.

PETER the Vision thus address'd,
"Where goes To-night, my **SAVIOUR** bless'd?"
The Vision instantly reply'd,
"Where I again am crucify'd."

To **PETER** this was Answer full,
And stung him to the very Soul;
Conscious he had forsook his Post,
And his long-tried Courage lost.

Back he returns without Delay,
Lest his great Cause he should betray;
Submits himself to Heav'n's Dispose,
Ready his Life and All to lose.

No longer he is now afraid,
Tho' to a Prison he's convey'd;
For there, within the dismal Wall,
He's welcom'd by his Brother *Paul*.

Sweet Solace in their Chains they take;
A Heaven of their Prison make;

Though

Though Fetters their old Limbs embrace,
Their Souls are free, and full of Grace.

To preach and pray's their Exercise,
And in their Manacles rejoice ;
Nor there forget their Master's Will,
Nor once relax their fervent Zeal.

Converts they make, and not a few,
Of ev'ry Rank, their Keeper too ;
Who, with their sacred Fervour struck,
Willing embrace the *Christian* Yoke.

Nine Months in Durance hard confin'd
Were they, for Martyrdom design'd ;
At length are by the Tyrant freed,
And to their Execution led,

PETER with Joy the Cross surveys,
Yet of his Guards one Favour prays,
When to the Cross he should be bound,
His Head might hang towards the Ground,

" Shall I presume, said he, a Wretch,
" My Body on the Cross to stretch,
" In the same Posture JESUS dy'd,
" Nail'd by the *Jews* and crucify'd ?"

To this Request the Guards agree,
And fix him thus upon the Tree ;
From whence his Soul, from Body drove,
Mounts to enjoy his SAVIOUR'S Love.

Paul his laborious Course has run,
His Sun is set, his Work is done ;
For all his Toils and Labours hard,
Now shall receive his great Reward.

Yet, as a *Roman*, claims his Right,
That by the Sword he suffer might ;
His Claim's allow'd, his Labours cease,
And now enjoys eternal Peace.

St. A N.

St. ANDREW.

WHEN ANDREW long had serv'd the LORD
 In publishing his sacred Word,
 Unaided but by CHRIST alone,
 At length receives the Martyr's Crown.

At *Patre*, in *Achaia*, he
 Was doom'd to hang upon the Tree ;
 His Crime his Glory he esteem'd,
 The Cross the Way to Heav'n deem'd.

To *Pagans*, ignorant and rude,
 A CHRIST, a Saviour he shew'd ;
 Their Idols they in Pieces break,
 And JESUS their Redeemer take.

Satan, enrag'd at his Success,
 Inspires Proconsul *Ageas*,
 To crush the Cause, the Saint destroy,
 Who thus his Kingdom did annoy.

The Tyrant soon the Scourge prepares ;
 ANDREW the Smart with Patience bears ;
 Amidst his horrid Torments smiles,
 And heav'nly Joys within him feels.

A Cross, in Shape an X, is made,
 On which the Martyr's Limbs are spread ;
 A ling'ring Death thereon expects,
 For Cords, not Nails, his Body fix.

Soon as the Cross the Saint beheld,
 With secret Joy his Soul was fill'd ;

" Welcome, said he, most happy Hour,
 " That lands me on the heav'nly Shore.

" Welcome, thrice welcome, sacred Tree !
 " My SAVIOUR once was borne by thee ;
 " Thus sanctify'd by Him, will I,
 " On thee his true Disciple die."

Alive

Alive he hung two tedious Days,
In Torments sharp, the publick Gaze;
Yet utters not one groaning Breath,
But patient waits the Stroke of Death.

Yet, while he feels his Life is whole,
His Senses strong, and free his Soul,
His Tongue he piously employs
To fix his Converts in their Choice.

The Doctrines he had preach'd before,
He urges now with all his Pow'r;
With fervent Pray'rs his Sermon ends,
And then to CHRIST his Soul commends.

To Death at length is giv'n a Charge,
To set his prison'd Soul at large;
Wafted to Heav'n on Angels Wings,
Eternal Hallelujahs sings.



St. JAMES the GREAT.

ST. JAMES the Great with fervent Zeal
Bravely declares his Master's Will;
The Jews he labours to reclaim,
And make them own the Christian Name.

They, harden'd, obstinate and blind,
And deaf as is the roaring Wind,
The heav'nly Messenger abuse,
And disregard his gracious News.

Him with foul Calumnies they load,
And eager thirst to have his Blood;
Herod, to humour them, agrees,
They should the good Apostle seize.

Strait in a Dungeon he's confin'd,
For glorious Martyrdom design'd;

Soon he the fatal Sentence hears,
And Death expected soon appears.

Firmly he does his Faith maintain,
And Death its Terrors shews in vain;
Inspir'd with Courage from above,
Nor Men, nor Devils can him move.

The Officer employ'd to seize
The holy Man, the *Jews* to please,
Wondring, beheld his steady Faith,
And Courage to encounter Death.

Convinc'd, repents th' injurious Deed,
And owns himself, unaw'd by Dread,
A *Christian* ——— such he'd live and die,
Nor ever would his Faith deny.

This heard, his Judges soon declare
He shall th' Apostle's Fortune share;
Sentence pronounc'd, away they're led,
Each of them doom'd to lose his Head.

And, as along the Way they pass'd,
The Convert thus St. JAMES address'd,
" Father, forgive my grievous Guilt,
" By which your precious Blood is spilt."

St. JAMES a Moment made a Pause,
Not that in any Doubt he was,
Whether he should forgive, or not,
For well he knew what JESUS taught;

But whether he should call him Son,
Or as a true Professor own,
Whom Rite Baptismal had not sign'd,
According to his Master's Mind.

That Moment Truth's enlightning Beam,
Darted from Heav'n instructed him,
That Martyrdom alone supplies,
The Rite that should the Saint baptize.

He doubts no more, no more delays,
But takes him in a strict Embrace,
" My Son, said he, thy Peace is sign'd,
" And thou eternal Peace shalt find."

Thus these two *Christian* Heroes dy'd,
And their Redeemer glorify'd;
Thus both together wing their Way
To Realms of Bliss and endless Day.

JAMES was the first Apostle wore
The Martyr's Crown, distain'd with Gore;
As STEPHEN's Name is on the List
The first who suffer'd after CHRIST.



St. JAMES the LESS, surnamed JUSTUS

ST. JAMES the Less, surnam'd the Just,
Faithful and true in all his Trust;
So good, so holy, and divine,
He was rever'd by all Mankind.

A Bishop and Apostle too
Him all the Saints and Churches knew;
Jerusalem his Diocese,
Whence the whole World he did embrace;

The Priesthood when *Ananus* held,
St. JAMES before him was compell'd;
The Scribes and Pharisees combine
With him to kill this Great Divine.

But their fell Malice to conceal,
To the Mosaic Law appeal;
Which they averr'd would quickly be
Dissolv'd by this new Heresy.

The foolish Multitude, they said,
Had grossly took it in their Head,

That JESUS the MESSIAH was,
Against the Sense of all their Laws,

Therefore they pray (with thy Collogue)
As JAMES was in the People's Vogue,
That he their Minds would disabuse,
And set them right in what to chuse,

- Ascend the Temple Barilements,
- Said they, and gravely speak from thence;
- The People so your Name revere,
- They will believe what you declare.

JUSTUS with Readiness obeys,
And mounts aloft into the Place
Assign'd him by the Pharisees,
Where the true Faith he must confess.

Again they press him to declare,
With Voice so loud that all might hear,
His true and undisguis'd Thought
Of that Religion JESUS taught.

JUSTUS, undaunted, spoke aloud
From thence to the attentive Crowd;
" That JESUS, who was crucify'd,
" Whose Body in a Tomb was laid;
" That SON OF MAN now sits on High,
" At GOD's Right-hand above the Sky;
" From whence array'd in Clouds he'll come,
" To give the World its final Doom."

The People joy'd to hear him speak,
And into holy Raptures break:
" Glory to CHRIST they give alone,
" Hosannah to King David's Son.

The Pharisees and Scribes abash'd,
Their Teeth with Indignation gnash'd;
The Liberty they gave repent,
His Death resolve with one Consent.

Furious

Furious and mad on him they rush,
And from his lofty Station push;
Headlong they throw him all at once,
His Body falls upon the Stones.

Bruised and broken were his Limbs,
Yet Life had still some vivid Beams;
Himself an End at length he rears,
And utters these his pious Prayers;

" O Heav'nly Father, Great and Good,
" Forgive these Men that shed my Blood!
" Zealous, yet ignorant they be,
" O pardon what they've done to me!"

The cruel *Jews*, whose Hearts were Flint,
Not even now one Jot relent;
But with huge Stones his Body load,
To drive his Soul from her Abode.

Though more than ninety Years of Age,
Still he sustain'd their furious Rage;
Till, with a Club, a Fuller beat
Life from its mansionary Seat.

Thus was his pious Soul releas'd,
And in a Storm convey'd to Rest;
To peaceful Realms of endless Joy,
Where Praise and Love's his whole Employ.



ST. JOHN.

RIGHTLY St. JOHN is call'd *Divine*,
Whose Graces did so brightly shine;
His Zeal, his Piety, and Love,
So nearly like to those above.

The Secrets of his Master's Mind
He shar'd, when on his Breast reclin'd;
'Twas then he drank the sacred Stream
That ever after nourish'd him.

His Eagle Eye could face the Sun,
And dart his splendid Radiance down;
His SAVIOUR'S Nature through he view'd,
And his high Godhead clearly shew'd.

Favour'd the heav'nly Veil to draw,
Celestial Mysteries he saw;
With reverend and awful Dread
The open'd Book of Fate he read.

His Ardor to maintain the Cause
Of CHRIST, and his most holy Laws,
Still fervent in his Bosom glow'd,
By this with Heart and Hand he stood.

So true, so firm, so warm his Faith,
That as he enter'd once a Bath,
Hearing * two Hereticks were there,
He started back with Dread and Fear.

" Brethren, said he, let us be gone,
" E're this strong Bath shall tumble down;
" For who his Safety can suppose,
" Where Truth has such detested Foes?"

But now he's sent in Bonds to Rome,
Where he must hear his dreadful Doom;
Where the fierce Trial he must pass,
And put to Proof his Faith and Grace.

The cruel † Tyrant then who reign'd,
His Sword with Martyrs Blood had stain'd;
The Favourites of Heav'n were those,
To wreak his Vengeance on, he chose.

With Torment, Sword, and Cross, and Scourge,
The Tyrant did his Edicts urge;
St. JOHN the bitter Cup must taste,
Though once CHRIST'S bosom'd Friend confess'd.

* Cerinthus and Ebion.

† Domitian.

A Cauldron full of flaming Oil,
Heated and made to burn and boil,
He's shewn, and must endure the same,
Or else renounce the *Christian Name*.

But JOHN, with Courage fortify'd,
The fiery Trial will abide;
Its Rage contemn'd, maintains his Faith,
Nor values all the Forms of Death.

The haughty Tyrant bids his Slaves
Throw him amidst the boiling Waves;
The Savages, without Remorse,
Plunge him therein with all their Force.

And now a Miracle behold!
While burning Oil his Limbs enfold,
Serene and calm amidst the Flame,
Brave he asserts the *Christian Name*.

The fiery Particles with-held,
His Spirits sweetly are regal'd;
Vigour renew'd he feels within,
As if a bathing he had been.

The Tyrant sees, with vast Amaze,
The Saint erect amidst the Blaze;
Convinc'd he owns the mighty Pow'r,
That could his Victim thus secure.

Shewn by a Fact so evident,
That he had wrong'd the glorious Saint,
Him from the liquid Fire commands;
And JOHN unhurt before him stands.

The Miracle the Tyrant owns,
(Or he his Senses must renounce)
Yet in his Breast his Malice reigns,
And no Acquittal John obtains.

From Death releas'd, to Banishment,
In dreary *Patmos*, he is sent;

From

From all the Joys of Life remov'd,
 Yet not from him he dearly lov'd.
 'Twas there the LORD to JOHN reveal'd
 Secrets from all Mankind conceal'd,
 And authoriz'd him to relate
 The sacred Myfteries of Fate.

At length the cruel Tyrant's slain,
 And with him ends his bloody Reign;
Nerva his odious Acts rescinds,
 And gives his Edicts to the Winds.

St. JOHN releas'd, no Time will lose,
 But speeds away to *Ephesus*;
 Resumes his Apostolic Charge,
 His Master's Kingdom to enlarge.

From Church to Church he travels round,
 Where'er the Name of CHRIST was found,
 Confirms their Faith, and beams new Light
 On the yet weak and glimm'ring Sight.

Among the rest a Youth he sees,
 Who seem'd by Nature form'd to please;
 With modest Look, and Features mild,
 His Heart not yet to Vice beguil'd.

Struck with Affection for the Youth,
 A Soil so fit to plant the Truth,
 St. JOHN a solemn Charge enjoin'd
 The Bishop to that Church consign'd.

- " Here, Sir, to your Paternal Care
 " (Esteem the Charge to me so dear)
 " This goodly Youth I recommend —
 " Be to his Soul a faithful Friend.
 " Remember 'tis my Heart's Desire —
 " Of you I shall his Soul require;
 " Remember 'tis my SAVIOUR's Will,
 " That this Injunction you fulfil."

The Bishop, strongly thus conjur'd,
 Receiv'd the Charge, and JOHN assur'd
 That his best Care should be bestow'd,
 To principle the Youth with Good.

To *Ephesus* St. JOHN repairs,
 There to renew his pious Cares;
 To feed his Flock, to guard his Fold
 From Wolves voracious and bold.

Some Time elaps'd, St. JOHN renews
 His Visits, and his Course pursues
 Through his extensive Diocese,
 The Churches Errors to redress.

The Bishop, who had undertook
 The Youth in Virtue to instruct,
 Perform'd his Part a-while with Zeal,
 According to th'Apostle's Will.

The Youth some Time was tractable,
 Imbibing ev'ry Principle
 And Doctrine that the Bishop taught,
 And under Discipline was brought.

But, though so well begun his Race,
 Nature prevail'd above his Grace;
 By lewd Companions, Debauchees,
 Entic'd, he yields by slow Degrees.

Harden'd by Practice, he in Time
 Runs headlong into ev'ry Crime;
 At length audacious he is grown,
 And a notorious Robber known.

A Captain of a Gang he's made,
 And robbing is their daily Trade;
 To the waste Mountains they repair,
 And plunder ev'ry Passenger.

St. JOHN return'd, the Trust demands,
 Committed to the Bishop's Hands;

“ The

" The Trust, said he, which CHRIST and I
 " Bequeath'd to your Fidelity."

The Bishop stood as in Amaze,
 And to explain his Meaning prays;
 Fear'd he was going to be try'd
 For Money charg'd as misapply'd.

" That you may rightly understand
 " The Thing, says JOHN, which I demand,
 " 'Tis this——That you deliver here
 " The Trust reposed in your Care;
 " My Brother's Soul, whom CHRIST redeem'd,
 " So much by Him and me esteem'd;
 " The Youth on whom we fix'd our Love,
 " The Youth we gave you to improve."

The good old Man, with Horror struck,
 Cast on the Ground his downward Look;
 Feels in his Mind a sore Distress,
 Nor durst behold the Apostle's Face.

At length, recover'd from Surprise,
 Upwards he turns his mournful Eyes,
 And with a piteous Sigh he said,
 " Alas! my Father, he is dead!

" He's Dead to GOD, to CHRIST he's dead,
 " For from the living Church he's fled;
 " A Robber turn'd, a Gang he leads,
 " The Mountains tell his horrid Deeds."

The Tale St. JOHN, astonish'd, hears,
 His hoary Locks and Garments tears;
 Most heavy Groans his Bosom rent,
 And thus he gave his Passion Vent.

" O what a Guardian! what a Guide,
 " Did my poor Brother I provide,
 " With watchful Eye to keep his Soul
 " Unstained with Pollutions foul!"

Nor more, but instant calls for Horse,
And Guide who might direct his Course,
Then bids him to the Mountains lead,
Whither he rides with all his Speed.

When there arriv'd, he's quickly seiz'd,
Nor does he ask to be releas'd,
But begs he might their Captain see—
To which they readily agree.

The Captain at a Distance spies,
That his Out-guards had took a Prize;
But when he sees St. JOHN advance,
The Sight his daring Courage daunts.

Instant he takes himself to Flight,
And runs away with all his Might;
St. JOHN, unaw'd by any Dread,
Hastes after with his utmost Speed.

“ Stay, my dear Child, he cries, O stay!

“ Why from your Father run away?

“ Pray spare the Pains you put me to,

“ Feeble and old, to follow you.

“ Let not the Dread of what is past,

“ Drive you away in so much Haste;

“ Your Case is not so woful bad,

“ But still a Pardon may be had.

“ The Breach that is 'twixt CHRIST and you,

“ I have made up as you shall know;

“ As CHRIST for us resign'd his Life,

“ And groan'd his Soul away in Grief;

“ So my own Life and Soul I'd give,

“ That you eternally might live:

“ Stay then, and be convinc'd, my Son,

“ What I with CHRIST for you have done.”

These Words so deep Impression made,

The Youth his Flight impetuous staid;

Conviction

Conviction strong his Soul possess'd,
Cover'd with Shame, with Guilt oppress'd.

Trembling and pale, and all aghast,
Down on the Ground his Eyes he cast;
Away his hostile Arms he threw,
And bid the thieving Trade adieu.

A briny Flood of streaming Tears,
His Penitence unfeign'd declares;
Within his Arms St. JOHN he folds,
And strictly to his Bosom holds.

A Gush of Tears again he pours,
And Pardon of St. JOHN implores;
Begs an Apostate he'd forgive,
And in his Heart again receive.

St. JOHN assures his Pardon's seal'd
And his deep-wounded Conscience heal'd;
That now his Peace was made with Heav'n,
And his black Roll of Sins forgiv'n.

Then by the Hand he led the Youth,
Once more converted to the Truth;
And, having wash'd away his Stain,
He joins him to the Church again.

JOHN's Life prolong'd an hundred Years,
Spent in a constant round of Cares,
Was wholly to the Church devote,
Whose Welfare zealously he sought.

Enfeebled by the heavy Weight
Of Age, his Nerves their Strength abate;
His Legs no more his Body bear,
Forc'd to be carry'd in a Chair.

His Scholars for his rev'rend Sake,
To Church their aged Master take;
Though there he nothing more could move,
But, *Brethren, one another Love.*

This

This, and nought else, so often said,
 Distaste among his People bred;
 Which, with Respect, they signify'd,
 And he with Fervour thus reply'd.

*This great Command, be you assur'd,
 Was gev'n by our gracious Lord;
 And, if we can excel in this,
 All that we do besides will please.*

When Nature could no more subsist,
 Gently he sunk into his Rest;
 Death led him softly to the Tomb,
 His Soul sprung upward to her Home.



St. PHILIP.

PHILIP was eminent in all
 The Duties Apostolical;
 Zealous his Master's Will he taught,
 And many Miracles he wrought.

Diseases various he heal'd,
 And Devils fly, by him compell'd;
 Darkness he powerfully chas'd,
 And Infidels the Light embrac'd.

Where-e'er Idolatry prevail'd,
 He vig'rously its Pow'r assail'd;
 Till to *Hierapolis* he came,
 A *Pbrygian* City great in Fame.

The Idol that was there ador'd,
 An Object surely most abhorr'd!
 Was a dire serpent, vast in Size,
 With Wings, and Scales, and baleful Eyes.

PHILIP, with Horror struck, beholds
 The dreadful Monster in its Folds;

The People's Folly grieves to see,
Blinded with such Idolatry.

With fervent Pray'r he GOD address'd,
Prays he'd destroy this monstrous Beast,
And that the People, thus amus'd,
Might see how they had been abus'd.

His Pray'r, thus earnestly preferr'd,
Is instantly in Heaven heard;
The Monster, long the People's Dread,
Amaz'd they see stretch'd out and dead.

The Serpent Old, provok'd at this,
Began most horribly to hiss,
And vows he will revenge the Deed
Tenfold on our Apostle's Head.

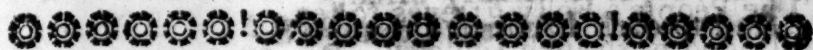
And now, to shew how much he hates
The *Christian* Cause, he stimulates
The People with a furious Rage,
Which nothing can, but Blood, assuage.

The Magistrates, as mad as they,
The dev'lish Impulse too obey;
Their Malice by their Deeds confess,
And on the good Apostle seize.

In a dark Dungeon he is cast,
His Limbs with galling Irons brac'd;
His Body's scourg'd with painful Rods,
For his base Insults on their Gods.

To Execution then he's led;
A Cross must be his dying Bed;
There with a quiet, willing Mind,
The Holy Martyr Life resign'd.

St. BAR-



St. BARTHOLOMEW.

NO Toil BARTHOLOMEW refrain'd,
But strenuously the Cause maintain'd;
His Travels far as *India* reach'd,
Where he the *Christian* Doctrines preach'd.

There while this great Apostle staid,
Numbers of Converts he had made;
And, to secure the *Christian* Scheme,
St. *Matthæw*'s Gospel left with them.

From *India* return'd, we find
Him into *Asia* declin'd;
The Apostle *Philip* there he meets,
And as a Fellow-lab'rer greets.

When on a Cross St. *Philip* dy'd,
He to another Cross was ty'd,
In full Assurance of his Death,
And, for the Honour of his Faith.

But GOD had more for him to do,
And would not let him perish now;
The Magistrates, some-how, appeas'd,
His Body from the Cross releas'd.

Escap'd with Life, away he went,
Yet still upon his Work intent;
The *Christian* Name to spread abroad.
And add more Converts to his GOD.

When long upon the Stage he'd been,
He acts his last and tragic Scene
At *Albanople*, which they say,
Is situate in *Armenia*.

Here, with an anguish'd Heart, he sees
Most impious Idolatries;

The People miserably blind,
 And to dark Ignorance confin'd,
 His Zeal inflamed by the Sight,
 Restless he labours Day and Night,
 To clear their Minds from Error's Mist,
 And shew Salvation came by CHRIST.

Deaf as the raging Seas or Wind,
 His heav'nly Truths no Audience find;
 His Voice is lost, in Clamour drown'd,
 And him loud-roaring Mobs surround,

The Governor is on their Side:
 ' Let him, said he, be crucify'd;
 Thus authoriz'd, they drag him thence,
 Nor let him speak in his Defence.

But e're they fix him on the Tree
 (What Eyes the Tragedy could see!
 What human Soul the Horror bear!)
 His Skin from off his Flesh they tear.

Thus, in this cruel bloody Strife,
 This blessed Martyr clos'd his Life;
 Thus, in a Storm, to Rest convey'd,
 With Crowns and Glories is repaid.



St. THOMAS.

*P*artia to THOMAS was assign'd,
 There to reveal his Master's Mind,
 To plant the Faith, and Souls convert,
 And a new Light to them impart.

Thence to the *Medes*, and Nations round,
 Gladly proclaims the Gospel-Sound;
 Many the heav'nly Call obey'd,
 And many Profelites he made.

Then

Then forward to the *Magi* press'd,
 The wisest Sages of the *East*;
 Three of whose Number, Men of Fame,
 Star-guided to our SAVIOUR came.

Many of these the Faith receiv'd,
 Renounc'd their Wisdom and believ'd;
 Some of them Bishops he ordain'd,
 By whom the Truth was long maintain'd.

The good Apostle some assist,
 To spread the Gospel through the *East*;
 In Countries populous and wide,
 There in his Absence to reside.

To *India* next he bent his Way,
 To light up there the Gospel-day;
 Black and deform'd the People were,
 Which made th' Apostle flinch for Fear.

But by a Vision he's assur'd,
 The People will receive his Word,
 That GOD with him would present be
 In every Extremity.

THOMAS, encourag'd, makes his Way
 To the remotest *India*;
 Among the *Brackmans* he arrives,
 Sages of Philosophic Lives.

A happy Progress here he makes;
 Yet not invectively attacks
 Their Idol-worship, nor inveighs
 Sharply against their Practices.

But in a gentle Way he deals,
 And to their Reason still appeals;
 Thus Truth with Calmness he instils,
 And mildly gains upon their Wills.

Thus, by these soft and humble Means,
 He happily obtain'd his Ends;

Thus, when a SAVIOUR crucify'd
He preach'd, old Superstition dy'd.
Such a firm Footing THOMAS gain'd,
That many Ages there remain'd
The Churches settled by his Care,
Ev'n till the *Portuguese* came there.

By the same Truths St. THOMAS taught,
The Way to Heav'n they meekly sought;
Those Truths which he from CHRIST receiv'd,
And they as readily believ'd.

In CHRIST alone they plac'd their Hope,
Quite independent of the Pope,
From all his Superstitions free,
Nor own'd their Homage to his See.

Still THOMAS with unweary'd Zeal
Proceeds to teach his Master's Will;
Through the wide Regions of the *East*,
The *Christian* Doctrines are profess'd.

From Realm to Realm, both far and near,
He travell'd to *Maliapur*
He came, where King *Sagamo* reign'd,
And where Idolatry obtain'd.

With great Success his Labour's crown'd,
And CHRIST by Multitudes is own'd;
For whom, encourag'd by his Friends,
A spacious Church to build begins.

When this the *Brackman* Priests perceiv'd,
And that they should be soon bereav'd
Of their rich Gains so long enjoy'd,
And now so sensibly annoy'd;

The King petition to forbid
St. THOMAS in his Work proceed;
The King gives out his high Commands;
The Work a-while unfinish'd stands.

THOMAS

THOMAS at this is not dismay'd,
Nor of the King or Priests afraid ;
His Miracles in JESUS Name,
His Worth and Piety proclaim.

The King *Sagamo* was at last
Convinc'd, the Christian Faith embrac'd ;
By his Example many more
Enter'd the Gospel-open'd Door.

The Church, suspended, is renew'd,
And by the King himself endow'd ;
The royal Grant obtained was,
Inscrib'd on Tables made of Brass.

This Turn the Priests with Envy see,
And are enrag'd beyond Degree ;
At length by all it is agreed,
Th' Apostle by their Hands shall bleed.

Near to the City stood a Tomb,
Where THOMAS had a little Room ;
Often he there retir'd to pray,
After his Labours of the Day.

While in Devotion thus employ'd,
And the sweet Taste of Heav'n enjoy'd,
On him these Wretches fell at once,
With Show'rs of Darts and rugged Stones.

Their Savage Temper, more to shew,
With Lances pierce his Body through ;
Angels receive him on the Wing,
And safely to his SAVIOUR bring.

S. TRAD.



St. THADDÆUS.

THADDÆUS no Apostle was,
 Yet was as zealous in the Cause;
 One of the Seventy he was known,
 And saw the Works by JESUS done.

Of him in History we read,
 What Works miraculous he did;
Eusebius, a Man of Note,
 These Memoirs of his Life has wrote.

St. THOMAS, after CHRIST'S Ascent,
 On the great Trust he had, intent,
 THADDÆUS sends to *Edeffa*,
 In the *Mesopotamia*.

To *Agbarus* his Message was,
 The King who reigned in the Place;
 To cure him of a sore Disease,
 And preach the Gospel-news of Peace.

Agbarus long before had heard
 How greatly JESUS was rever'd,
 What Miracles of Love he wrought,
 What gracious Things he did and taught.

To JESUS he a Letter writes,
 And Him to *Edeffa* invites,
 ' That, by his pow'ful healing Word,
 ' Of his Disease he might be cur'd.

' That since the *Jews*, outrageous grown,
 ' Had all his Goodness trampled on;
 ' Since he had met such Insults rude,
 ' And that they plotted for his Blood,

' Begg'd

- Begg'd that to *Edeffa* he'd come,
- Where he should find an Asylum;
- In Safety where his Life should be
- From Treachery and Malice free.

To him an Answer JESUS sends,

- Wherein his Faith he much commends;
- That from his Foes he could not flee,
- There fixed by Divine Decree.

- That there the Work He must fulfil,
- Design'd Him by his Father's Will;
- Which when accomplish'd, He should go
- To Him who sent Him here below.

- But when on High He should ascend,
- He would dispatch a bosom Friend,
- To whom He'd give a special Pow'r,
- That should effect his certain Cure;

- Him and his Family would bless,
- And shew the Way to Happiness;
- How he should gain an heav'nly Crown,
- By far more glorious than his own.

THADDÆUS to *Edeffa* came,
 Commission'd in his Master's Name,
 To do the Work, and preach the Word,
 Commanded by his Blessed LORD.

Yet did not instantly resort
 To *Agbarus's* royal Court,
 But the poor blinded People taught,
 And many Cures among them wrought.

This News the King no sooner heard,
 But instantly his Thoughts declar'd,
 This was the Person sent by CHRIST,
 At which he mightily rejoic'd.

A Messenger's dispatch'd to bring
 THADDÆUS strait before the King;

The

The Summons he, without Delay,
Does with a Chearfulness obey.

The King among his Nobles sate,
His kind Physician so to wait;
Him when he saw, he thought his Face
Shone with a more than human Grace.

Struck with a Reverence so great,
Prostrate he falls before his Feet;
Homag'd in him the Name he bore,
CHRIST and his all-sufficient Pow'r.

' Pray tell, said he, if the Report
' Is true, which I have heard at Court,
' That you was one of JESUS' Train,
' The SON OF GOD the *Jews* have slain;

' From whom a Letter I receiv'd,
' Which promis'd I should be reliev'd,
' By one whom He would send to me?'

THADDÆUS answer'd, ' *I am he.*

' Your Faith has met with such Regard,
' I'm come to give its due Reward;
' If it be true and still sincere,
' Your Remedy is very near.'

The King, with Firmness, thus reply'd,
' Had not my Hands the *Romans* ty'd,
' Those cruel *Jews* e're now had felt
' The just Deservings of their Guilt.'

THADDÆUS said, ' His Father's Will,
' JESUS by Death did then fulfil;
' Returning to his Father's Side,
' Where He for ever will abide.'

The King reply'd: ' I do believe
' (I hope my Faith They will receive)
' Him and his mighty Father too,
' The Way to Whom I fain would know.'

THAD-

THADDÆUS, thus convinc'd, no more
With-holds from him his healing Pow'r;
Lays on his Hands, the King is cur'd,
And to his perfect Health restor'd.

The King, thus finding he was heal'd,
With Joy and Admiration fill'd,
Proclaims aloud his mighty Pow'r,
Whose Goodness he will still adore.

His Joy was yet the more increas'd,
When his Friend *Agbus* was releas'd
From the fierce Pains of Gout he bore,
By the same Hands that wrought his Cure.

The King was clear, his Doubts dismiss'd,
Convinc'd THADDÆUS came from CHRIST;
Yet had not satisfy'd his Wants,
Unless one Favour more he grants,

Entreats he would in full declare
Those Doctrines which his Master's were,
The precious Legacy He left
To Man undone, his dying Gift.

To this THADDÆUS made Reply:

- ' Your just Request I'll not deny;
- ' Your Citizens together call,
- ' For 'tis of Moment to them all.'

Next Day from ev'ry Quarter met
A large Assembly, Small and Great;
When, by the Works they'd seen prepar'd,
With solemn Silence him they heard.

- ' The Gospel-truths he preach'd to them,
- ' And open'd all the *Christian* Scheme;
- ' Beginning at our SAVIOUR's Birth,
- ' With his whole Course of Life on Earth,

- ' His various Offices explain'd,
- ' And what for Man he had obtain'd;

' Tells

- ‘ Tells them the End for which He dy’d,
- ‘ And why by Man was crucify’d.
- ‘ The wondrous Miracles He wrought
- ‘ And the glad Tidings he had brought ;
- ‘ That Him Death could not long detain,
- ‘ For soon he broke his heavy Chain.
- ‘ Self-rais’d, again on Earth appears,
- ‘ To dissipate our gloomy Fears ;
- ‘ With his Disciples he convers’d,
- ‘ Till all their Doubts He had dispers’d.
- ‘ When He’d accomplish’d all his Ends,
- ‘ To Heav’n he visibly ascends ;
- ‘ We saw him gradually rise,
- ‘ And mounting glorious to the Skies.
- ‘ At GOD’S Right-hand He sate Him down,
- ‘ On his prepar’d resplendent Throne ;
- ‘ From whence, when Time shall be no more,
- ‘ He’ll come with all th’ Angelic Pow’r.
- ‘ Before his high Tribunal then,
- ‘ Th’ innumerable Race of Men,
- ‘ The Quick and Dead must all appear,
- ‘ Their fix’d, eternal Doom to hear.
- ‘ The Righteous shall acquitted stand,
- ‘ Triumphant at his great Right-hand ;
- ‘ Their pious Labours shall be own’d,
- ‘ And with eternal Glories crown’d.
- ‘ The Wicked, who this SAVIOUR spurn’d,
- ‘ And all his holy Doctrines scorn’d,
- ‘ To Hell shall instantly descend,
- ‘ Punish’d in Torments without End.’

This Sermon had a vast Success,
 For all who heard their Faith profess ;
 His saving Doctrines they embrace,
 And CHRIST their SAVIOUR confess.

Through

Through sev'ral Ages they maintain'd
 The Truths they from THADDAEUS gain'd;
 By many glorious Proofs display'd,
 That the same Faith they still obey'd.

The King, so joy'd at what he heard,
 His Benefactor would reward;
 Large Heaps of Gold before him lays,
 And his Acceptance humbly prays.

The holy Man the Gift refus'd,
 And his Acceptance thus excus'd:
We, who left All for JESUS Sake,
How can we Wealth from others take?

Parting from hence, he travell'd on,
 And never thought his Work was done,
 While he could serve the glorious Cause
 Of Him who suffer'd on the Cross.

At length to *Berytus* he came,
 In *Phenice*, known long since to Fame;
 There he baptiz'd, and preach'd, and pray'd,
 And there at last his Bones he laid.



St. SIMON the Zealot.

EGYPT and *Africa*, 'tis said
 By some, but not by all agreed,
 Were the first Scenes that SIMON trod,
 And published his SAVIOUR-GOD.

Others, he travell'd to the West,
 And with the Gospel-tidings bless'd
Europe, and in its distant Isles,
 With Zeal employ'd his pious Toils.

Over to *Britain* then he pass'd,
And the wild Savages address'd ;
Where he converts a Multitude
Of Pagans, barbarous and rude.

Prodigious Hardships underwent,
Yet suffer'd all with great Content ;
And where at last, it's said, he dy'd,
By Heathen Bigots crucify'd.

But *Bede*, and other Writers say,
His Labours were in *Persia*,
Where on a Cross at *Suinar*,
He did the Crown of Martyrs wear.



St. J U D E.

ST. J U D A S, as *Paulinus* saith,
In *Lybia* preach'd the *Christian* Faith ;
But the *Armenians* insist,
That among them he preached **CHRIST**.

The *Greeks* as positively tell,
That he by pointed Arrows fell ;
But where, or by whose Hands he dy'd,
The Reader is not satisfy'd.

The *Latin* Writers are agreed,
That 'twas in *Persia* he dy'd ;
Hung on a Cross when *Simon* was,
Both at a Time, and for one Cause.

Two Grandsons this Apostle had,
Who the same good Profession made ;
J U D E was our S A V I O U R 's Brother known,
And C H R I S T King *David*'s lineal Son.

Domitian then, the Tyrant, reign'd,
And govern'd with an iron Hand;
The *Christians* long his Fury felt,
And Floods of martyr'd Blood he spilt.

But his whole Aim, as Story says,
Was to extirpate *David's* Race;
For each of them he look'd upon,
As a Pretender to the Throne.

At length his Spies had brought him Word
Of these Relations of our LORD;
Soon they are order'd up to Court,
To know the Truth of the Report.

When with the Question they were press'd,
Both readily the Truth confess'd,
That by their Pedigree they rose,
In true Ascent to *David's* House.

Though such was their Original,
Yet that their Fortunes were but small;
Had only some few tillag'd Lands,
Which they Day-labour'd with their Hands.

Their callous Palms for Proof they shew,
Well harden'd at the Cart and Plough,
At which they labour'd to maintain
Their Families by honest Gain.

This said, the Tyrant asks again
Concerning the MESSIAH's Reign;
What was his Kingdom, where his Throne,
And when he would assume the Crown?

They to his Questions made Reply:

- ' He is a King above the Skie;
- ' That 'twas in Heaven where He sate,
- ' And there maintain'd his Regal State.
- ' That when the World should have an End,
- ' In Royalty He would descend;

• When, as by Fate it is decreed,
• He'll judge the Living and the Dead."

This Answer when *Domitian* heard,
How simple too the Men appear'd,
Soon of his Jealousies was eas'd,
And the poor Men at once dismiss'd.



St. MATTHIAS.

MATTHIAS was of *Bethlehem*,
Descended of a noble Stem;
Was in all *Jewish* Learning skill'd,
By a fam'd *Rabbi* well instill'd.

Chose to the Apostolic Seat,
Vacant by *Judas's* Retreat,
To preach the Gospel he apply'd,
And taught a *JESUS* crucify'd.

He to his Country *Palestine*,
His pious Labours did confine;
There Miracles he daily wrought,
And Converts to his Master brought.

Full thirty Years, with zealous Pains,
The Gospel and its Truths maintains;
No Danger shuns to spread the Word,
And bring fresh Glory to his LORD.

Ananus, of the Priesthood Chief,
Had caus'd an universal Grief,
And to himself the foulest Stain,
When by his Order *James* was slain.

Farther to aggravate his Guilt,
And shew that no Remorse he felt,
To *Galilee* his Orders sends,
And good MATTHIAS apprehends.

Th' Apostle, nothing terrify'd,
 Prepar'd all Sufferings to abide,
 Appears before the Tyrant-priest,
 And bravely owns his Faith in CHRIST.

' JESUS of Nazareth confess'd,
 ' The Great MESSIAH ever-blest'd,
 ' Who was, by GOD's Decree, design'd
 ' The mighty SAVIOUR of Mankind.'

This when the haughty Priest had heard,
 With Malice fill'd, and Conscience fear'd,
 Does his vile Sentence thus pronounce,
Away—and let him die by Stones.

No sooner said—the Multitude,
 With impious Hands, and Manners rude,
 Load him with Stones, which beat out Life,
 And ended thus his glorious Strife.

Thus much we in *Bollandus* read,
 But some in this are not agreed;
 And that he took another Way,
 And preach'd in *Cappadocia*.

Amongst a People rough and rude,
 His *Christian Warfare* he pursu'd;
 Brought over many to the Faith,
 And there at last he suffer'd Death.

But the *Greek Writers* rather say,
 When he had preach'd in *Judea*,
 He travell'd Eastward, where he dy'd,
 By barb'rous Pagans crucify'd.

Others, that he returned Home,
 Where he was crown'd with Martyrdom;
 Ston'd for his Blasphemy till dead,
 Then with an Ax they took his Head.



St. MATTHEW.

THE first eight Years from Christ's Ascent,
 St. MATTHEW in *Judea* spent;
 Then to the Gentiles took his Way,
 To spread Abroad the Gospel-day.

But to what Realms he bent his Course,
 No solid Certainty appears;
 Some of the Antients gravely say,
 He preach'd in *Æthiopia*.

Martyr'd he was, as they declare,
 At *Naddabor*, a City there;
 But by what Kind of Death he fell,
 None of these antient Fathers tell.

Nicephorus again declares,
 That by the Power of his Pray'rs,
 He quench'd the Fire to burn him made,
 At last in peaceful Death was laid.

But *Dorotheus* would convey
 Th' Apostle into *Parthia*;
 Where long he preach'd the sacred Word,
 And there was hon'rably interr'd.



St. MARK.

IN *Egypt* MARK the Gospel taught,
 And Wonders to confirm it wrought;
 A Church, as antient Writers say,
 He rais'd in *Alexandria*.

Westward from thence to *Lybia*,
 Others affirm, he took his Way,
 Where People barbarous and wild,
 He to his Doctrines reconcil'd.

To *Alexandria* he return'd,
 For which his Heart was most concern'd,
 To build the Church he founded there,
 With able Pastors officer.

'Twas at the solemn Festival,
 Which to this Day we *Easter* call,
 MARK, in religious Exercise,
 His People and himself employs.

It happen'd then was solemniz'd
 A Feast, in which they sacrific'd
 To their fam'd Idol *Serapis*,
 The God to which they made Address.

Th' *Egyptians* now, to vindicate
 Their injur'd God at any Rate,
 Resolve St. MARK their Rage shall feel
 For his unseasonable Zeal.

With Violence they him attack,
 And, rushing in, upon him break ;
 With Cords they bind his antient Feet,
 And drag him thus along the Street,

Then to a Prison he's convey'd,
 And in a dismal Dungeon laid ;
 Where, by a Vision comforted,
 He learns his Torments not to dread.

The Morning come, their Rage renew'd,
 With eager Thirst they seek his Blood ;
 Again they hawl him o'er the Stones,
 And bruise his Flesh, and crush his Bones.

Nor from their cruel Usage ceas'd,
 Until his righteous Soul releas'd,
 And from his mangled Body driv'n,
 Mounts on an Angel's Wings to Heav'n.



St. LUKE.

AT *Antioch* he had his Birth,
Famous for Men of learned Worth;
Science there shew'd her honour'd Head,
And Commerce nobly flourished.

There he imbib'd the Lib'ral Arts,
And there improv'd his shining Parts;
Phyick he learn'd, and Painting too,
And true Philosophy he knew.

Egypt and *Greece* he travell'd o'er,
Still studious to augment his Store;
Gather'd the Flowers as he went,
T'enrich his copious Mind intent.

LUKE was St. PAUL's Companion dear,
And did his daily Troubles Share;
His Cause and him did still assist,
Faithful to him, as he to CHRIST.

When PAUL, who long had been restrain'd
At *Rome*, his Liberty obtain'd,
Prepares his Travels to pursue,
LUKE to his Master bids adieu.

From Realm to Realm he travell'd on,
Still lab'ring till his Work was done;
But where he preach'd, and how he dy'd,
The Fathers are not well agreed.

But some, with *Nazianzen*, say,
He martyr'd was, and this Way:
That when he travell'd into *Greece*,
He preached CHRIST with great Success;

Converted many, and baptiz'd,
And Multitudes he Christianiz'd;

Their

Their Pagan Darkness de dispell'd,
And the bright Gospel-light reveal'd.

But while he thus was occupy'd,
And preach'd a SAVIOUR crucify'd,
Th' Idolaters were so enrag'd,
That to destroy him they engag'd.

With sudden Fury on him fall,
To present Execution hawl,
And for a Cross, to make Dispatch,
Him on an Olive Tree they stretch.



ST. PAUL.

ST. PAUL was eminently Great,
And good, and learn'd, without Deceit;
His Parts and Knowledge none excell'd,
His Zeal could not be parallell'd.

The *Christian* Cause's strong Defence;
His Pains and Hardships were immense;
But what he suffer'd, what he did,
In th' *Apostolic Acts* we read.

At *Rome* a long Imprisonment,
With Chearfulness he underwent;
Releas'd, his Labours he pursu'd,
Again his Suff'rings were renew'd.

Some say, he travell'd into *Spain*,
And publish'd there the Gospel plan;
In *Britain* that a Church he rais'd,
And Multitudes the Faith embrac'd.

But others, probably, suppose,
Another Route the Apostle chose,
And to those Churches he return'd,
Which had from him the Gospel learn'd.

Where

Where Errors had, by Time, prevail'd,
 Or *Christians* in their Duty fail'd,
 Ev'ry Abuse his Presence cur'd,
 And Purity again restor'd.

When many Years he thus had spent,
 In Toils and Travels eminent,
 It was reveal'd his Death was near,
 And *Rome* should be the Theatre.

With joyful Haste to *Rome* he goes,
 Where he was sure his Life to lose;
 And there his Brother *Peter* meets,
 Whom in most loving Terms he greets.

With him he joins in holy Zeal,
 The Pagan Worship to expel;
 With Force united they engage
 Against the Vices of that Age.

Their Labours meet with great Success,
 And many Libertines confess
 The *Christian* Faith, their Vices leave,
 And stricter Rules of Life receive.

And among those who thus were mov'd,
 Was *Nero's* Concubine belov'd;
 With others of th' Imperial House,
 Who did the *Christian* Cause espouse.

Nero, provok'd beyond Degree,
 His Court so much reform'd to see,
 Both the Apostles does arrest,
 And in a dismal Prison cast.

But, though a Chain their Limbs confines,
 In Peace they both possess'd their Minds;
 CHRIST to their Visitors they preach,
 And them the Way to Heaven teach.

At length the joyful Day is come,
 When PAUL must take his Martyrdom;

When

When Death, his long expected Friend,
Puts to his Toils a final End.

To Execution he is led,
Where with a Sword they take his Head;
His precious Soul to Heav'n ascends,
An Angel on his Flight attends.



St. BARNABAS.

AMONGST the Twelve, St. BARNABAS
Was never honour'd with a Place;
Yet, for the zealous Pains he took,
Apostle he is call'd by LUKE.

Long was he Partner with St. PAUL,
Their Zeal and Labours mutual;
Unanimously both persist
To propagate the Cause of CHRIST.

But a Dispute at length arose,
Which their strict Union did unlose;
From hence to diff'rent Ways they take,
But not their Master's Cause forsake.

St. BARNABAS directly steers
To *Cyprus* to bestow his Cares;
Cyprus, where first he drew his Breath,
And where he means to plant the Faith.

And there the Gospel long he taught,
And many Souls to JESUS broug't;
Churches he founded through the Isle,
And greatly blessed was his Toil.

At *Rome* and *Alexandria*
He preach'd, as antient Writers say;
A Church he planted at *Milan*,
Extending wide the *Christian* Plan.

To *Cyprus* he at last return'd,
 For which he was the most concern'd,
 And there on his own native Ground,
 With glorious Martyrdom was crown'd.

Some *Syrian Jews* at *Salamis*,
 Provok'd to see his vast Success,
 And that they could not him confute,
 Resolve at once to end Dispute.

With impious Hands, and Manners rude,
 They seize him, bent to have his Blood ;
 Him in a Corner they confine,
 Till Night should favour their Design.

At Night they hawl him from his Den,
 And then begin the bloody Scene,
 And, with a more than hellish Spite,
 Inflict their Tortures exquisite.

When long their Rage they'd exercis'd,
 And in their Cruelty rejoic'd,
 The *Coup de Grace* they give at once,
 And kill him with a Show'r of Stones.

F I N I S.

